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W. P. Woodley

Pursuit of the Incendiary...

FRESTON TOWER;

OR,

THE EARLY DAYS

OF

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

BY

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

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FRESTON TOWER.

CHAPTER I.

THE REFORMERS.

THEY who do not study deeply the spirit of those days, can form no idea of the nature of the Papal superstition, which could subjugate kings, princes, rulers, men of letters, men of judgment, men of talent, men of thought, and men of such comprehensive minds as those of the great Cardinal Wolsey.

People should read his letters concerning

the views that he entertained of the Popedom. In spite of an accusation of prolixity, and of being a little too learned for the general reader, it will be as well to insert here the Cardinal's own letter to Gardiner concerning the Popedom, because it will shew, even to the cursory reader, the nature of that supreme temporal, instead of spiritual authority, which such a man aimed at.

It shews that he viewed the Popedom as the father of princes, instead of kings and queens being the nursing fathers and mothers of the Church; but let his letter speak for itself.

The Cardinal's letter to Gardiner about the
Popedom.

Coll. No. 99., b. B. III., c. II.

C. C. C. Camb.

“Mr. Stevins,

“Albeit ye shall be sufficiently with your
Collegys, by such instructions as be given
to Monk Vincent, informed of the King's
minde and mine, concerning my advancement
unto the dignity papelle,

“Not dowtting but that for the singular
devotion which ye bere towards the Kinge
and his affaires, both generall and particular,
and perfyte love which ye have towards me,
ye will omitt nothing that may be *ex-*
cogitat to serve and to conduce to that
purpose,

“Yet I thought convenient, for the more
fervent expression of mine in that behalf,

to wryte to you, as to the person whom I most entirely do trust. And by whome this thing shall be most Rightly set forth these few wordys followyng of mine own hande.

“I dowl not but ye do profoundly consider as well the state wherein the Church and all *C'tendome* doth stand now presently, as also the state of this Realme, and of the King's secret Matter, which if it shoulde be brought to passe, by any other Meanyes than by the Authority of the Church, I accounte this Prince and realme utterly undone.

“Wherefor that is expedient to have such one to be *Pope and Commyn Father to all Princes*, as may, can, and wold geve remedy to the premisses.

“And albeit I accompt myself much ounabill, and that shall be now incommodious

in mine old age to be the said Commyn Father; yet when all things be well ponderyd, and the qualitys of all the Cardinalls well considered, *absit verbum jactantiæ*, ther shall be none found that can and will sett remedy in the forsaid things, but only the Cardinall Ebor; whos good will and holys not to you of all men unknowne.

“And were it not for the re-integration of the state of the Churche and See Apostolique, to the prestine dygnite, and for the conducinge of peace amongst C’tian princes, and especially to relieve this prince and realme from the calamities that the same be now in, all the riches or honor of the world should not cause me—*nedum aspirare sed ne consentire*—to accept the seid dignite, and altho’ the same with all Commodityes were offeryed unto me.

“Neverthelesse, conforming myself to the necessity of the time and the will and pleasure of these two princes, I am content to appone all my witt and study, and to set forth all meanys and ways, *et bene faciam rebus C'tianitatis*, for the atteyning of the said dignite.

“For the atcheving and atteyning wherof for as moche as thereupon dependeth the health and wealth, not only of these two princes and their realms, *but all C'tendome*, nothing is to be omitted that may conduce to the said end and purpose.

“Wherefore, Mr. Stevins, since now ye be so plainly advertised of my mind and intent, I shall pray you to extend “*Omnes nervos ingenij tui, ut ista res, ad effectum perduci possit, nullis parcendo sumptibus, pollicitationibus sive laboribus, ita ut horum*

viris in genia, et affectiones sive ad privata sive ad publica ita accomodes actiones tuas.

“Non deest tibi, et Collegis tuis amplissima potestas nullis terminis aut conditionibus limitata sive restricta, et quicquid feceris, scito omnia apud hunc Regem et me esse grata et rata. Nam omnia, ut paucis absolvam, in tuo ingenio, et fide reposuimus.

“Nihil superest aliud scribendum, nisi quod supplex orem ut omnes actiones tuas secundet Deus optimus Maximusq; et ex corde vale.

“Ex ædibus meis West Monast. vij.,
februarij.

“Tuæ salutis et amplitudinis cupidissimus

“T. Cár, lis Ebor, propria Manu.”*

* *Stevin* (i. e.) Stephen Gardiner, then at Rome, called Dr. Stevens.

This letter will sufficiently shew that confidence which the Cardinal had then in himself, when he said, that upon his being made Pope depended not only the health and wealth of princes and their realms, but all Christendom. The man who could have such conceit of himself, might well be unable to endure the growing boldness of the Reformation.

Though his learning was so vast, and his influence at home and abroad so great, never did a subject rise to higher splendour, and never did a great man fall more suddenly.

How ephemeral is the favour of princes ! Few historical records give any but mortifying pictures of the misfortunes and discomfitures of great men. Few, either warriors or statesmen, but well know the reverses of public favour, and few poets, authors, artists

and skilful men in science, or in law, physis, or divinity, but have to contend with poverty and persecution, even in their eminence.

What a happy man is he who trusts in God, and takes all things as he has them, coming from Him who “*lifteth up and putteth down.*”

We have in this year 1850, perhaps one solitary instance of a great warrior retaining his popularity after thirty-five years of peace, and increasing in estimation as he declines in years.

This is as much owing to the unostentatious simplicity of his character and deportment among men, as to his great successes in war. The Duke of Wellington may have had private enemies, but, unlike Cardinal Wolsey, he knew them not.

In the very year of the Cardinal's utmost

ambition and presumption, when he sought to raise himself above all princes—in the very year of his greatest splendour and wealth, the same man is made to exclaim, according to his faithful historian and apologist, Cavendish :

“Now it is come to pass that it hath pleased the King to take all that I have into his hands, so that I have now nothing to give you, for I have nothing left me but the bare clothes on my back.”—(Fiddes, p. 47, 5 fol. ed.)

One instance, however, of the softening of the heart of this great man remains to be told, which does him honour ; but, to be rightly understood, the reader must be referred to those stirring times when the Papal Power, having reached the summit of its presumption, began to be looked at with the eyes of truth, and the unnatural and impious

monstrosity of its proceedings began to be questioned openly by the Reformers.

Poor Bilney was at this time preaching at Ipswich. He, though conscious that he should meet with as little pity as his former friends, Thomas Ayers, who was burnt at Eccles, in Norfolk, and Thomas Bingey, who was four score and six years of age when he was burnt at Norwich, yet boldly attacked the blasphemous doctrines of the Church of Rome.

He exposed the folly of pilgrimages, the absurdity of miracles said to be done at Walsingham, Canterbury, and even in Ipswich, and hesitated not to call them the inventions of the Devil to delude the souls of men.

The lights set up before images, he designated as meteors of deception, which would lead men into darkness. He had.

been well acquainted with De Freston and Latimer, Notecote and Bailee, and many more in the town previous to his appearing among them as an advocate for their religious liberties.

He was grown a bold man, strong in confidence of the rectitude of the cause he was advocating.

Intimate as he was with Hugh Latimer, the after-celebrated martyr, cousin to William Latimer, of Ipswich, it was at the house of the latter, which Daundy and De Freston had obtained from Antony Wingfield, that Bilney, Arthur, John of Alneshbourne, and John Bale, so often held learned, sound, and judicious disquisitions concerning the errors then so prevalent in matters of faith and duty.

Of far too high a character for anything that was seditious, inflammatory, or even

despiteful of dignities, these truly gifted men looked only at the truth, as laid down in the Revelation of God, and applying their hearts to God in prayer, that their understandings might be opened, they beheld, with light as clear as the sun in broad day, all the fooleries then practised to deceive; the pomposities of the processions to the shrines of saint, and all the tinsel flummery of an external parade of devotion which imposed upon the senses, and filled the minds of the people with fancies.

Thomas, Arthur, and Bilney were cited to appear before the Cardinal, at the Chapter House in Westminster.

Nothing could equal the rage of the friars at Ipswich against Bilney. He had assembled before him, a multitude of hearers to whom he exposed in clear and concise language the

distinction between the duties of obedience to God and obedience to man.

He cut them to the heart when he told them that in the various prostrations they made to the images, and the offerings they made to them, they were serving senseless devils and not God: that though in all legal matters submission even unto death was a duty, yet nothing ought to hinder them from protesting against idolatry, in matters of faith and good works; and that obedience to man, when in direct opposition to God's commands was, however urgent that command, not to be complied with.

He instanced Daniel, Shadrack, Meshack and Abednego, over all of whom God had power, so that they suffered no injury.

But if they had, if they had as the sufferers for Christianity been burnt to

death, or been devoured by lions, their duty was to adhere to the truth, and yet not rebel against the lawfully constituted authorities of the realm.

He proved that the sins of idolatry in the palmy days of Babylon, were as nothing compared with those existing in his day. A Nebuchadnezzar in Babylon could exclaim: "I thought it good to shew the signs and wonders that the high God hath wrought toward me. How great are his signs! how mighty are his wonders, his kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and his dominion is from generation to generation."

But in his day, people were to confess that the Pope hath the supreme authority, and that his mandates are above the commands of God; and that the Virgin Mary is an object of worship even in heaven; and, therefore, must be so upon earth.

Men marvelled, indeed, at the plain, strong, and conclusive arguments which this enlightened man brought forward to prove the wickedness of that spiritual Babylon in which he who called himself the father of princes sat enthroned.

He told them that they would even in that chapel see the rage of the Popish priests presently displayed; and had enough to do to restrain the people from rebellion, when the bailiff, Prior Brown, and the Dominican Friars entered the congregation, seized him, and conveyed him to prison.

His affectionate appeal to them to possess their souls in patience, and to submit even as he did was more touching than even his strong and forcible doctrine against the superstitions of his country.

He was taken to London, and there, like Peter, he shewed at first the weakness of his

flesh, and, as is well known, through many terrors, was induced to recant ; but his after sufferings were infinitely greater, his conscientious soul was troubled to the very depths of chaotic darkness, until, as the heavenly-minded Cranmer afterwards did, he again stepped forth from his hades of death, to shine conspicuous in faith and martyrdom.

It is not the object of these pages to shew the sufferings of martyrs, though here and there to introduce a word of admiration of their constancy will not be found irrelevant to the subject of Freston Tower.

It is said by some, that the great Cardinal was not so severe a bigot as Sir Thomas More, Cuthbert Tonstall, Nix, Bishop of Norwich, Gardiner, and others. Severity, however, he did use, and issued his mandates

to his inquisitors to search out all suspected Lutherans and summon them to London.

His early disciplinarian was by his order confined, though not for the faith, by the space of four years. Sir Amias Pawlet felt the weight of his revenge ; but by bending to the great man's vanity he obtained his release. The Cardinal, however, was much more severe than Sir Amias was to him.

CHAPTER II.

THE ARREST.

AMONGST those who were considered disaffected to the church, complaints were made to Nix, Bishop of Norwich, that Lord De Freston of Freston was a notorious heretic; that he fostered Bilney, Arthur, Bale, Latimer, and half the seditiously disposed, and spoke disrespectfully of the Cardinal as Legate, and accused him of depravity.

It is one thing to be accused of a crime, and another to be guilty of it. Fear under

an accusation lest the world should think there might be some truth or foundation for the report, has made many an innocent person shrink from defending himself.

But De Freston, conscious of his loyalty, integrity, faith and good intentions, received the news of his impeachment without any fear of consequences.

Wentworth's orders were taken by the bailiffs and constables to seize the body of De Freston of Freston, and convey him without any further let or hindrance into my Lord's court at Westminster.

All Ipswich was in a commotion at the intelligence. The reformers rose and formed a formidable body to go to Freston.

Some talked of pulling down Bourne Bridge, by which the officers of attachment were to proceed, and a riot would have taken place but for the interference of the junior

Mr. Daundy, who was then as influential as his father had previously been, and who, in this instance, displayed the courage and wisdom of a good man. As it was, he could scarcely prevent the mob from impeding the progress of Wentworth to Freston Tower.

Bourne Bridge, which, until the year previous, had been but a narrow horse-bridge, had been enlarged for heavy carriages and was then a stout brick and stone structure. The beginning of riot was only required to have it soon levelled to the Orwell.

Good sense, however, prevailed, and the multitude, though accompanying the bailiff and messengers to arrest De Freston, were overruled and persuaded to keep order and submit.

It was not until they were told that any

rioting on their parts would probably prove fatal to the cause of De Freston, that they subsided into a settled determination to shew their respect to that good man, by not giving way to the vengeance of popular excitement.

De Freston and his friends were seated in the tower conversing about the early days of the Cardinal, and calling to mind his youthful vivacity, his liberality of opinion, his love, his philanthropy, his erudition, his distinguished talents, and his wonderful advance to power. When Ellen espied the people coming in a mass along the shore, and with astonishment exclaimed :

“All Ipswich is coming to the tower !”

The friends looked out of the bay window, and a sudden paleness spread over the face of the father, as he said to his daughter :

“ Depend upon it, Ellen, they are coming for me.”

“ For what, father ?”

“ To take me to prison. I can see the scarlet robe of authority which the Lord Wentworth wears, and I have known too well his marked displeasure against me, not to perceive that such a multitude would not be at his heels, if he did not come upon some obnoxious matter concerning the reformers.

“ He is active and generous by nature; but of such an absolute and fiery disposition, that whereinsoever he conceives an offence, he is sure to put the law in execution without mercy. Hark! I can hear their murmurs! open the window!”

It was done, and distinctly the sound of voices, raised in short and gibing tones

could be distinguished, and as they drew near,

“Shame! shame to the Cardinal!”

“Long live his noble patron!”

“Success to the Reformers! Hail to the truth!”

And “down with persecutors!” came sweeping upon the wind to the ears of the terrified Ellen.

“Oh, my dear father! will you not fly whilst there is time? Cross the waters to Fastolf’s Halls. Take ship, and avoid a dungeon — perhaps the stake, oh! my father!”

“Hush! my child, calm thyself. Fear not, put thy trust in God. Have faith in Him. It is too late to flee, and too late in life for me to be afraid of death. Hush! hush!”

“ But a dungeon ! a dungeon ! four years’ imprisonment like that of Sir Amias Pawlet ! Oh ! my father, I cannot bear the thought of it.”

“ I suffer, my child, nothing for myself, but only for the thought of thee. But let us not judge too prematurely. Come, let us descend to the castle, and if they do take me, let them take me prepared. Come, child, your arm. William, is it not best to be resigned ?”

Latimer’s spirit was too full of agitation to reply as he could wish. He felt a sudden fearfulness which made him think it was no easy thing to be a martyr. He suppressed the bitterness of his feelings, and followed his dear friends to the castle.

It was not long before acclamations reached their ears, and coming from the very

vicinity of the walls ; and the commissioner, with his authority, soon entered the court.

De Freston received them courteously, he looked at their credentials. The seal of authority was upon them and he submitted.

“ As thou art thyself obedient to our authority, canst thou not warn thy people of disobedience ?” said Wentworth.

“ I will do what I can,” and what he said and did, proved sufficient ; for the multitude became as patient as a child, and submitted to the guidance of him whom they respected.

Lord De Freston had a severe struggle with his daughter, in which she proved successful. She determined to accompany her father, together with her husband, to London.

She did so, of which the next chapter will give more ample detail.

“She was a daughter and a wife,
Loving her father, and beloved through life.”

CHAPTER III.

THE LETTER.

NOTHING but the calm wisdom of De Freston could prevent an outbreak. The people of Ipswich and its vicinity were so attached to him, that had not Daundy been there to exercise his influence and control over his fellow-townsmen, the Cardinal's mandate would not have been carried into execution without violence.

But De Freston had discreet friends who offered to be bound with and for him, but he

would hear of none so committing themselves. He was content when Wentworth consented that his son-in-law and his lovely daughter should accompany him.

She also accounted it an honour to be able to share her father's afflictions. Her principles were of that pure and holy kind, they would not shrink in the hour of trial from filial affection. She regarded the fifth commandment of God, by the grace which she received so to do, and was fully determined to suffer with her father, let the penalty be what it might.

Father and daughter were indeed Christians. They knew how to suffer for the truth's sake, as will appear by their conversation on the evening of their arrival and detention at Westminster, by order of Tonstal, Bishop of London.

Lodged in a mean apartment, ill-becoming their respectability in the eyes of men, it was for that daughter, by the power of that quiet, commanding interest which her virtuous, carriage and external appearance claimed, to secure for her father better treatment than he would otherwise have received.

For herself, she would have written nothing to the great man; but when did a daughter's piety fail in behalf of a father, when innocence and a righteous cause demanded her exertion?

Where a son might have failed, she succeeded, as the sequel will shew, to Wolsey's honour and the development of the best feelings of his heart.

She insisted upon writing a letter to the Cardinal.

“ Tell the keeper of this prison,” she said, “ that I insist upon seeing him.”

One of the creatures of Tonsal made his appearance.

“ Is your master, the Bishop, to be seen ?”

“ My Lord may be seen at proper hours, but not at this time.”

“ Can you convey a letter to the Cardinal ?”

“ From whom ?”

“ From me, sir.”

“ I cannot have any communication conveyed to the Cardinal from your father, without the Bishop’s previous knowledge. But for you, lady, as you are not in custody, I can send a messenger.”

“ Can you furnish me with pen and paper ?”

“ They shall be at your command ; but will

you retire into my private apartments for such a purpose ?”

“I thank you for the offer ; but I will write here.”

“I fear, if you do, I shall have to send it first to the Bishop of London for his inspection, as it will be issued direct from the prisoner’s presence.”

“Then will I accompany you for such a period as may be sufficient for my purpose. I will be soon with you again, dearest father.”

“For what purpose, my daughter,” added De Freston, upon whom years had begun to make their accustomed ravages ; “will you write to the great man ? Let me be content without your making any humiliating concessions for me. I am old, and in the common course of nature must soon depart this life. Degrade me not,

my daughter, by any compromise of your own dignity, for the ephemeral phantom of this man's dominion. We have had proof enough that he thinks nothing about us, or he would not have forgotten, for so many years, his old friends and companions in Freston Tower. Write to him not, but let all things proceed as if we were strangers to him."

"You may safely trust your honour, my dear father, to my keeping. Fear not for one moment, that I should write anything derogatory to the nicest sense of Christian delicacy, nor that I should court even the Cardinal's smiles at the expense of integrity. I will not compromise faith, truth or righteousness. But human greatness, dearest father, is sometimes misrepresented, and we may have wronged him—even the friend we

knew when he was young, and may have attributed false motives to those actions which regard ourselves. Wolsey may not really be insensible to the truth as we ourselves profess it, and may be ignorant of our being brought to London. I cannot think the Cardinal can so far forget us as to neglect us in our necessity."

"Ah, my daughter; power and greatness are dangerous possessions, where the heart is hardened beyond the calls of nature, grace, or gratitude. He who could revenge an insult, after years of daily prayer himself to be forgiven, is not a likely man to liberate even an old friend if he finds him an opponent. Wolsey knows our sentiments. Did he spare Sir Amias Pawlet? No—How then can we hope for anything but justice, one-sided justice from the Cardinal. Severity

and injustice will be shewn to us as heretics, and we shall be rejected and—”

“Hold, hold, dear father ; I am ready to suffer with you, upon any matter of faith and duty ; but let us not condemn his greatness merely because we may appear to have been neglected by him. He must have had his great mind so fully occupied even with the King’s business, that we may have been overlooked. I have still some returning regard for the friend of my youth ; and though Latimer may not forgive him, I am sure he will forgive me for saying I forgive him. Trust me, dear father, trust me ! Farewell for an hour. Latimer is gone to seek a lodging, as he is not permitted to remain here. I may, however, by the indulgence of the gaoler, on account of the increasing infirmities of your years, wait upon you. I

will write to the Cardinal. There can be no hurt in it."

"Go, my child, thou art confident of the innocence of thine intentions, and of the perfect justice of thy cause. I will add no more. Go!"

She retired into the gaoler's private apartments, and wrote her letter in simple dignity of style, according to the method of the day.

"My Lord Cardinal,

"This comeyth unto thee by suffrance of the gaoler in Canon Street prison, unto which place, committed by thine order through Lord Wentworth, the commissioner for the suppression of heresies and heretics, my venerable father, thy former patron, is now thy prisoner.

"I say thy prisoner, but presume it to be

but nominally thine, and really the prisoner of the Bishop of London. I cannot think that thou wouldst permit an old man and a steadfast friend of thy youth, to sleep in a dungeon, whilst thou dost occupy a palace.

“Thou knowest well the free mynde of my father, and canst best judge of his state who did ever open unto thee the store-house of his intellect, and did keep nothing from thee, which his readyng and his studye could attain.

“I pray thee, my Lord Cardinal, remember that thy greatness can never better become thee than when thou dost shield from disdain and dyscomfort those who can no longer defend themselves. The aged man, now growing infirm, but only in bodye, doth well remember thy younger days ; and I, his daughter, whom thou dydst once call thy

friend, am unwillyng to thynke thou canst forget us.

“ Years do alter moste men, but Christian men never lose the goodness of their hearts, but the rather, as their years do increase, they themselves do grow better-hearted.

“ The Lord De Freston, though grey and thyn, ys not thyn within, for he ys stout-hearted and as warm in spirit as he ever was.

“ He would cheerfullie endure even the cold of a prison, nor would have me wryte to thee now in any tone of complaynte; but, nathlesse I do, for I do see an aged parent suffrynge for the want of better fare and lodgment; and I do not think so bad of thee as to beleve that thou art so steeled against all righteousnesse, as to

permit an ould friend to be so discomfytte.

“By thy authority, we myght procure better lodgment, if thou wouldest gyve an orderre for our permission to seek them; gyving, as we would cheerfully do, our honourable word to appear at any hour before thee, my Lord Cardinal, or thy high Commissioner, touching any inquiries as to our accusation.

“My Lord will readily forgive a daughter’s anxiety for one who has ever been all in all to her from her infancy, and attribute thys appeal to filial affection, as well as to a certayne sense she has of Cardinal Wolsey’s greatness, that he will not deny her thys very symple requeste, to be permyttede to convey her father to some better lodgment.

“This favour granted, will give comfort to your humble servant,

“ELLEN DE FRESTON, now

“ELLEN LATYMER.”

This letter was handed to the Cardinal the last day he ever presided in Westminster Hall as Lord Chancellor.

It was the first day of Michaelmas Term, 1529, when he had put forth all his accustomed pomp to go from York Place to Westminster. It was on that very day Ellen De Freston's letter was handed to him in Court.

The Cardinal was observed to turn deadly pale, and some thought he had received a letter from Mistress Anne, conveying some more direct intimation of his downfall.

What were the depths of his real thoughts

no one could tell. He wrote on a scrap of paper—"Summon Cavendish."

To him he gave commission to go and bring to his house forthwith Lord De Freston and all his retinue; and "let one and all," said he, "be well entertained."

It was observed that Wolsey gave that day such evidences of abstraction of mind as bordered upon aberration. Men prognosticated his speedy decline, and plenty there were among the nobles who were glad to give him a kick, to let him see how truly they despised the man whom they once had feared.

When Ellen returned to her parent's prison she narrated, as nearly as she could, the words she had made use of; but the old man, Lord De Freston, shook his head, and said:

“Men forget their benefactors when ambition has brought them to the pinnacle of fame. Pride likes not to remember it had a patron. Good men only take pleasure in looking upon the past, and calling to mind the ministering kindnesses of any, rich or poor, whoever they might be, that gave them even a cup of cold water in the day of their necessity. The Cardinal has too much pride.”

“Wait, dear father, the return of the messenger. We can but then moralize upon the hardness of the human heart. Let us pray that God will not desert him, though he be so great a man. Something whispers to my heart that we have wronged him.”

O! when did female pity fail to hope the best of one for whom it has felt ever the slightest regard?

Ellen had a wise heart, a kind spirit—the very soul of purity and love—which would not think evil until proof should be given of a hardened heart; and she was not deceived.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SUMMONS.

WHILST they were yet talking of the impenetrable nature of pride, and of all they had heard of Wolsey's magnificence, Cavendish arrived to conduct them all to the Cardinal's palace of York Place.

Ellen did but look one moment's triumph before she checked herself for the impiety. She said to herself: "My father knows not what I do; and it is impious to triumph over a parent's weakness."

The thought of speech, which might injudiciously have come forth as it might have done from thousands :—" There, father, who is right ?" was but a momentary impression on her soul. Christian delicacy rose superior to all feelings of triumphant boasting, and she suppressed the proud words which died away in her, even with the thought, before the pure spirit of charity.

Oh, that all daughters were like her ! Where trained in holiest love they will ever be so.

De Freston felt the delicacy of his dear child, who spake not one word of reproach to him, but looked all readiness to accompany him, either to the dungeons of an inquisition, or to the palace of a cardinal.

Circumstances reprove sometimes the best

of men, or rather make them reprove themselves for things which they had too hastily decided upon. So was it with Lord De Freston. He felt he might be wrong, though he was most marvellously astonished at the change which he considered must have come over the Cardinal.

He received those gentle and generous attentions from Cavendish, which none but he could so feelingly exercise. He knew how to behave wisely in prosperous or adverse circumstances, and how to qualify the duties of an exalted position with all the devotion of a servant.

There was such sincerity in Cavendish and his proceedings, both for and with his master, as laid the foundation of his family greatness for ages. In nothing was he greater than in speaking his master fair,

when his fortunes had deserted him. The servant who does his duty faithfully, is quite free from the sins of his master.

“My Lord desired me expressly,” said Cavendish, “to inquire in what way he could serve you. He insists upon your being his guest, and will hear of no denial. I am a stranger to you, and you equally the same to me, as I have never chanced to hear my master mention you.”

De Freston smiled as he replied :

“In that last sentence we are not surprised. Your master has been known to us from his youth ; and when he was small in reputation, he esteemed me for my support. I only marvel that, now he is a great man, he should remember us at all.”

“My master and greatness have been

long familiar. He is a prince in all things but a crown ; yet his Cardinal's hat is more exalted than the King's crown, and goes before him to his duties. I am quite sure he remembers you pleasantly, or I should not have received such special orders to conduct your Lordship, with all ceremony, to his palace. You, and all your retainers, and whomsoever you may choose to accompany you, are to be received at York Place. Will you order all your retinue to be in readiness ?”

“ Alas ! young man, you know not how few they be. This, my daughter, is my only mistress, the wife of William Latimer. Her husband is with her. He was an old college companion of thy master's. Dost thou think he will receive him ?”

“ Even as a king would ! You will

yourselves be the witness, for my master is, of all men, the most courteous. Towards every one he is gentle and dignified, and has the singular gift of forgetting manners to no one. I will answer for Master Latimer's most grateful reception."

"Here comes my son to speak for himself."

Latimer bowed to the stranger, and proceeded to explain to his wife, that he had obtained lodgings close at hand, and should be able to be in constant attendance; when she explained that they were all to go to York Place; that the gentleman then before him was Wolsey's secretary, and sent on purpose to conduct them.

He looked inexpressible things at Ellen, who assured him it was the fact, and

that she had made up her mind to go, and should be glad of his company.

“Will wonders ever cease, my dear? has been the exclamation from the foundation of Babylon, and will be an exclamation when Old England shall cease to have a Cardinal, and Rome a Pope; but that Thomas Wolsey should at length condescend to notice us after so many years!—surely he and his fortunes must be about to change together.”

“And if they are, Master Latimer, let me advertise thee that they may change for the better, even in the opinion of you all.”

It was then that surprise overcame them all, and the question arose: ‘Will Wolsey become a Reformer?’

“He is a reformer of many things; and

if the King's favour, and the King's disfavour be both silent, my master will be a greater man than ever."

"Thou art a wise young man, Mr. Cavendish, and canst see the ticklish nature of these times; but those two ifs are like the base pillars, I fear, upon which the Colossus of Rhodes stood, which the earthquake precipitated into the sea. They cannot bear the weight of Wolsey. Favour falling, disfavour will remain, but the Cardinal cannot stand on one leg, and that a bad one. A subject's head, in these days, once in disrepute will soon roll off his shoulders. But come, my child, let us away; time flies, and our new acquaintance must be glad to dispose of us according to his instructions. I rejoice always."

“We are at your command, Sir.”

“So then again strange trials will increase,
And wonders, ever new, will never cease.”

CHAPTER V.

THE ARRIVAL.

IT was in the evening of that memorable day when Wolsey had sat long in state at Westminster, and had been detained by causes which he was anxious, whilst he had the seals, to see concluded, that Cavendish conducted the prisoner, as De Freston really was, to York Place.

He had sent one of his master's servants to apprise Wolsey's chamberlain, and master of ceremonies, and household servants, of

the expected arrival of guests of distinction ; but who they were to be, and how many, he had not revealed. He was ignorant himself ; but, from his taking twelve of his master's men, with mules and sumpter mules, it was evident he expected rather a cavalcade and procession, than merely to have to conduct an old man, his daughter, and her husband.

All Wolsey's household had been upon the "*qui vive*," and were, no doubt, as great men's servants frequently are, disappointed at no great state arrivals, when they saw so small a party approaching.

They were ushered, with quiet gentleness, into the great reception-hall, where one of the strangest adventures—as unexpected, as unwished-for—presented itself to view. There

stood, full in her sight, as Ellen entered the room, Alice De Clinton, together with two female attendants near her.

What a picture did these females then present to view! Had not the description been given from ocular demonstration, imagination could not have depicted the surprise.

Neither Alice nor Ellen had seen each other, and heard but little of one another for years. They had been friends in their early days. One, at least, had been a warm-hearted one. Both had been intimate: but there stood Alice to receive Ellen in the Cardinal's house at York Place; and there entered Ellen, Lord De Freston, and Latimer into the presence of one who had left upon their memories a chilling impression of hauteur, which formerly disgusted

them, and did not, at that moment, allow of any softening sensation for better impression.

Of all conjunctions, of all positions in which persons are unexpectedly placed, the memory of rivalry, in which personal dislike more than any honest contention, or provocation had been the cause of disunion, is the most difficult feeling to disperse.

Surprise was for the moment the expression of every face. Even Ellen's confessed it, and there was nothing pleasurable in the meeting. As to Alice, if an apparition had risen out of the earth, she could not have been more petrified with astonishment. Her cold, dark eye, wide open, and fixed upon Ellen, told, by its intensely rivetted stare, that it saw too much—more than it could bear; and yet it dwelt

with hard, cruel, inquisitive firmness on the party before it.

Is it possible to meet a person who hates you—literally hates you even unto death, and makes you know it by the very contempt of the eye—and not to feel a shudder at the enormity of hatred?

Here stood, confronted in the forms of female self-possession, the dignity of the highest worldly pride, and the dignity of true humility. The one conscious of being introduced to the other by the very power to which alone that other had been known to bend.

Here was Alice de Clinton, the proudest spirit that ever daughter of Eve possessed, and Ellen Latimer, at once the meekest and humblest, but, at the same time, the most faithful spirit, conscious of duty and love, met to confront each other by the

order of the Cardinal, who, at the time he gave the invitation, was so engrossed with the affairs of his declining grandeur, that he forgot the opposing powers meeting in his mansion.

“Coming events cast their shadows before them.” The downfall of the favourite was precipitate enough; but the downfall of a portion of his domestic arrangements preceded it. The Cardinal had no motive in his heart, but that which softened pride is apt to feel when it sees greatness fallen before it. Wolsey saw only Lord De Freston in distress, and his lovely daughter, the early companion of his youthful day, appealing to him for help.

Through the vista of years gone by, he had never forgotten, though ambition had diverted his mind, the learned Ellen and Freston Tower; and though those years

had, as an early dream, visited him with pleasure and with pain, yet they recurred to him now, in his decline, with a degree of softness and tenderness, which positively subdued the grand and lofty-minded man from ambition to affection.

That can scarcely be called a subduing. It ought to be named an exaltation ; but the world which judged then, as now, that human weakness displayed in a great man is worthy of condemnation did not spare the declaration that the mighty Cardinal had lost his mind.

He was indeed greatly affected by the arrival of these early friends at such a time ; and the abstruse decisions of the law were then most irksome. He determined, however, to see all cases somehow or other decided which could be brought before him,

and he remained a longer time than usual upon his judgment seat.

Time enough, indeed, to let the ladies see each other, and become acquainted before he should return.

The haughty Alice De Clinton had grown more proud, more portly, more stately, since she had consented to abide with the Cardinal, than she was while under the roof of the Bishop of Norwich. Report had stated that the Cardinal, in seeking to get her made Abbess of Winton Priory, had private motives of self-gratification therein, and the ear of royalty had been so whispered into, as well as advertised thereof loudly, that Henry's letter to the Cardinal upon that subject still exists, and certainly was the occasion of her not being appointed to that situation which no one was better fitted to fill than such a

cold, heartless, stern, unnatural and superstitious woman as Alice De Clinton.

De Freston and his daughter had been infected with the report before they stood confronted with the lady herself; so that it did not add to their comfort when they saw her in the position of domestic hostess in York Place.

They were relieved, however, from her presence by one of those haughty departures which, in her early years, she had shewn to the guests of Goldwell. She could not fail to recognize De Freston, Latimer and Ellen; but her mind was made up in a moment, namely, that York Place should not hold her and her rival at the same time.

Turning to Cavendish, she promptly asked :

“ Did your master know who they

were, he had ordered you to conduct hither?"

"He did, lady, but I did not."

"How long will it be before the Cardinal returns?"

"I cannot tell, my lady."

"Then be pleased, Sir, to tell me when he does return. Dames, shew that lady to the apartments prepared for her, and then wait upon me. Cavendish, remember your duty."

The haughty lady glided from the hall without one word of charity, or look of kindness, or even an intimation of respect for any one of the party.

Her pride, however, could injure no one but herself. She retired, a specimen of fallen Lucifer's dignity, whilst Ellen retired humbled to the dust by the exhibi-

tion of such an unwarrantable indignity.

A few minutes' prayer restored the disturbed mind of the latter, and as she was fatigued and overcome by the circumstances which then crowded upon her, she requested the *femme-de-chambre* to let the Cardinal know that she was not equal to the ceremony of introduction to him till the morrow. She wished to be conducted to her father's apartment before she retired.

It need not be stated what a sweet hour of communion those dear souls had, even in that place. Oh! how calm is true piety: and what a disturbed, restless being is man without it. The dear friends who talked of their then singular position, spake but little of the haughty Alice. The little they did speak was spoken in charity, and without any

bitterness, saving only of regret for her sake. They parted, praying for blessings upon each other.

What a position was it for all parties ! It was the very climax of circumstances, and of what it was to be productive none could divine.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DEPARTURE.

CAVENDISH attended upon his master as the long retinue of state arrived on the very last day they ever formed a cavalcade for him as the Chancellor.

“Have all things been attended to, my faithful servant?” said Wolsey as, dismissing his retainers, Cavendish alone conducted his master to his private room. There was a more than common suavity in the Cardinal’s manner, a greater unbending than

he had before witnessed in him ; a more than usual sweetness, even approaching to tenderness.

“All is done as my lord desired ; but mistress Alice requested me to acquaint her with my lord’s return.”

“Ha ! ha ! I forgot ; yes, Cavendish, I forgot. Well, it is well. How could I forget ? Go ! yes, go ! the sooner the better. I am as anxious to see mistress Alice, as she can be to see me. I am at leisure. Quick, Cavendish. I am in my own house. Perhaps so ! may be not—or may be so. Go, good Cavendish ! summon the lady Alice.”

It was evident that Wolsey had in his own remembrance of his friends forgotten that Alice was their enemy. Had he thought of their early feud he would probably have devised some other plan of accommodation for his friend. It is a painful one to any

man to entertain guests when the mistress of his house is set against them.

These things came as things unwelcome to a great man's mind; but the greatest minds are frequently found to have to bend before female caprice. A good man is as jealous of hospitality being shewn to his friends, as he is fond of domestic happiness; and she is a poor partner, who receives not her lord's friends with complacency.

A truly wise wife never compromises her husband's dignity or her own, by behaving with incivility towards her husband's visitors. But when a servant assumes the position of a wife, and treats her master's visitors with contempt, it is time for her to be discharged.

Alice De Clinton occupied a superior station in the Cardinal's family, and did the

honours of his house, where female interference was required, with the nicest propriety. She was, however, accounted a very cold, unbending person, though to the Cardinal himself all obsequiousness.

Her very manner to others gave occasion to the invention of evil reports concerning her; and when a female is haughty and knows not how to conduct herself with gentleness, the world is glad to hear unfavourable reports of her, and as readily believes them. Even frailties are pitied where humility is not lost.

Alice entered the room where the Cardinal was reposing after the fatigues and anxieties of business, relaxed both in mind and body. He could not fail, however, to be struck with the singular appearance of the lady.

She came in her riding costume. The Cardinal marvelled and well he might ; but he was soon enlightened.

“ You look astonished, my lord, to see me prepared for travel ; but I am come to speak my mind, and to bid you farewell for ever. I little thought that I should ever be called upon to receive pestilent heretics in the house of Cardinal Wolsey ; heretics, too, at this very moment under the ban of Tonsall, Bishop of London, summoned to appear before my Lord Cardinal ; and to be treated forthwith as if they were the very best Catholics in the land. And who are these, my lord’s guests ? Have not I often told my lord, that they were the greatest enemies he had ? Have I not, years gone by, proclaimed them to be what they are now brought under my lord’s

hands for ; and are they to come here and to expect favour from him who is appointed by the head of the church to suppress and punish them ?

“ I ever thought that my lord made advances to my friendship through the desire to refute and put down the enemies of the church.. I ever thought that the wisdom, talents, learning and power with which the favoured of the Pope was gifted, were to be exercised for the honour of the chief Pontiff, and for the welfare of all good Catholics in this land.

“ How is it then, that one who has been bound by ties of friendship, based upon such principle, should now be called upon to act upon the contrary side ? Is the memory of private regard to be weighed in the balance with the public good ? And am I who was

expecting to be an Abbess of my lord's appointment, to be his panderer to a taste for heresy?

"Forbid it! O, shade of Goldwell! O, deceased Bishop! thou didst confide me to the guardianship of one whom thou didst deem a friend to the Church, and lo! that one turns upon his charge, and commands her to receive, as her friends, these heretics against Rome.

"But my lord must be obtuse—my lord must be changed—my lord must be about to lose all his dignity and to become a driveller, a poor, weak, mean-spirited man, and no longer the great Cardinal; the Lord Chancellor—the most learned Bishop, the future candidate for the Popedom; the great friend of Christendom.

"At all events, my lord cannot expect me to remain in his house under existing cir-

cumstances. No my lord, no, perish York House, before I sleep in it whilst heretics lie under the same roof. Heretics too, who once dared to insult my guardian ; and now affront me in this house.

“ Oh, my Lord Cardinal, this is a blow I did not expect from you. Farewell, my lord’s greatness ; farewell, my hopes of preferment in your grace’s mansion. When the days of heresy come, it will be remembered that the Cardinal of York fostered them in his own palace ; but let it be remembered, also, that she who dwelt with him as his friend for twenty years, on that day took her departure.

“ I shall return to Goldwell Hall, near the seat of my lord’s birth, and in that very house where I first knew him, shall I learn to forget him. My Lord Cardinal—Farewell !”

“ Alice De Clinton, hear me. One word. Nay—I insist upon giving you an explanation. Care and I have of late been close companions. Greatness and sorrow have been closeted in my soul for these many days. Dignity and distress have been accompanying my lot wheresoever I have gone ; and now, mistress Alice, that I return home, I find that hospitality and heresy are to be the cause of separating Cardinal Wolsey and Alice De Clinton for ever.

“ This is what I call a domestic consummation of my calamitous career. I did not think of heresy. I did not think of animosity. I forgot your distaste, and I thought only of my former acquaintance with these friends when I was poor and they were rich ; and should I desert them in distress, when the only opportunity I have, or ever may have in life to repay them for their early

kindness to me, is to befriend them in the day of adversity.

“ Shall I forget, Alice, that I am a man because I am a Cardinal ? is every feeling of gratitude to be totally extinct towards those who have watched over my early years, and helped me in my studies, and befriended me ?

“ Oh ! Alice, if we forget those who have been kind to us in our youth, God will forget us when we grow old. Read that letter from Ellen, and let your heart feel its simplicity and truth, and then say whether I ought or ought not to have exercised the duties of hospitality ?”

Alice read it. Yes, she read it. The tears started in her eyes, but they were tears of bitterness, not of love ; for love had no share in her proud heart. It was ready to burst with vexation ; but without pity.

She read it—she returned it ; and she looked as if she felt a sovereign contempt for the Cardinal's weakness ; but she replied :

“ My Lord, it is not usual for a judge to entertain his prisoner before he is honourably acquitted ; and very seldom then. Judges seldom have innocent persons tried before them. They know well that they are set on high for the punishment of evil men, and not for the encouragement of them.

“ My Lord Cardinal is now the judge of this heretic De Freston. Can there be any doubt of his acquittal when he can receive him before trial, and treat him as his most intimate friend.

“ My Lord has grown wonderfully tender all at once ; and merely from this letter. I see nothing in it but the language of a beggar and an impostor—who is now through my lord's weakness, enjoying the beggar's

joy, the glorious reward of imposition ; lodging, food, and comfort.

“ They smile at your humility, they laugh at your divinity, and they applaud with vociferous exclamations your charity. But how will my lord acquit himself before the Propaganda ? All the house of Cardinals will cry out Wolsey is a heretic. You will acquit De Freston ; you must do it for Ellen’s sake. Sweet letter, that can make even a Cardinal merciful.

“ I leave, my Lord. I have a friend’s house to go to. I shall at once to Tonstall, and when he hears that his prisoners are your guests, he will at least rejoice that one of your Grace’s free servants has sought his protection. Farewell, my Lord Cardinal.”

There are moments in a man’s life, even when he is beaten down by his enemies, when his bold spirit is prompt to speak righteous-

ness ; witness Wolsey's speech to Suffolk, in reply to his reproach about Cardinals in England. "If I poor Cardinal had not been, you would not at this present have had a head on your shoulders;" so witness the Cardinal's cool but gentle reply to Mistress Alice De Clinton.

"I would rather exercise hospitality to the distressed than punish heretics. The former has pleasure here, and the promise of reward hereafter ; the latter has nothing but pain, and great doubt of any satisfaction hereafter. If, therefore, Mistress Alice, the price of thy remaining be the forfeit of the duties of hospitality, I would rather thy departure than thy residence. Farewell."

A haughty woman cut to the quick by calm wisdom, is such a mortified spectacle of discomfort, that it is well she should be hidden in darkness as soon as possible.

Her retirement the more solitary, the more congenial. She may brood over her possessions, her hardships, her mortifications, her injuries, her disappointments: but she can never attain any happiness without a change of heart. If that should come, she will be a joyful wonder to herself; if not, she will be a miserable wretch, and live and die unhappy.

Alice De Clinton departed, leaving York Place and its inmates to a day of rest.

The Cardinal summoned Cavendish after the lady's departure; and to him he most graciously unburthened his mind.

"I shall not go out at all to-morrow, but remain entirely within my own walls; but summon the Bishop of London by authority of mine hand, to wait upon me at ten o'clock to-morrow. Remember, Cavendish, that I do not wish it to be known, the cause why I

remain at home to-morrow. I have old friends, dear friends, whom I have deserted for many years now sleeping beneath my roof. Let the utmost respect be paid them ; for if it were the last day of my grandeur, I could not devote it to a better purpose than the revival of friendship.

“ Alas, Master Cavendish, I fear my fortunes will not long stand. How happy I ought to feel that they have stood thus long, so as to permit me to gratify the friends of my youth. Mistress Alice is gone ; and I know not how it is, I feel as if a load of care was gone along with her.

“ Thou shalt sup with me this night. My aged friend did well to retire. I shall have much to talk to thee about, meantime prepare.”

The Cardinal never was so happy, or so truly great as he was that evening in

speaking of all the days of his youth, and relating anecdotes which came, as they always do come, with great grace from great men.

“When great men speak, the falling pin is heard,
But when the poor—his case must be deferred.”

CHAPTER VII.

THE CHANGE.

WHAT a wonderful softening thing is adversity. It may come in the shape of poverty ; it may come in the severity of calamity ; it may come in the loss of a friend ; or it may come suddenly by seeming accident. But when it does really come, when the poor mortal, great and powerful, is made to feel it—oh ! how heartily does he desire the return of his mother's tenderness, or his father's generosity.

A great man like Wolsey, a companion to one of England's proudest, though not her best, nor her worst monarch, one of superior ability, as well as most absolute authority, was likely to feel the neglect of such a prince, and falling from the favour of ambition, his great mind was softened to think of the friends of his youth.

Ambition is a bold horse ; he mounts his fences well ; he leaps over walls, gates, ditches, and hedges, and goes at a slashing pace over the country. He requires to be well kept in hand, and not to be pushed too hard at first. He must be well trained, well directed, and curbed in at first.

He is apt to be like Grey Hermit, the Royal huntsman's old favourite, so well depicted in Grant's picture of the Queen's stag hounds. Davis had enough to do to keep him in order for the first burst of the

hunt ; for he was "*wild as the wild deer*," and threw himself over his fences like a mad horse ; but by dint of a master manager, he would sober down into a steady pace, and "shine at the last when all others were in shade."

So, affliction coming upon the ambitious man, sobers him down to the steady realities of his work.

The Cardinal had one day's respite from the cares of pomp and state. He had been expecting to be called upon to give up the great seal, and well knew that when his enemies once got the advantage of him, they would not long rest without injuring him.

He had lost his master's favour ; he had loved that master. Yes, with all his pomp and greatness, Wolsey never was otherwise, or felt otherwise than a servant. Had he obtained the summit of his ambition, and

been made Pope, he might have then assumed a very different tone with Henry. He would have been removed from outward subjection ; and his was master-mind enough to rule princes absolutely under the tiara of the papal glory.

It was not to be. The subject whom the King had exalted as his favourite was to be an example to all England, as Napoleon was to all the world, that power, when too much self-exalted, is to be humbled very low before it departs, or before a man departs from it.

Wolsey perhaps never was greater than in his humiliation, when he lost the favour of the King ; and Napoleon never was greater than when on the Rock of St. Helena. Ambition was destroyed in them both. Happy they whose only ambition in this life is to subdue themselves.

Experience will soon teach the proudest they are unhappy, though they subdue kingdoms, and experience will soon prove that the humbler a man is, so much the more he makes others happy and promotes his own comfort.

The Cardinal rose at his usual hour, read his dispatches, answered the messengers from various quarters, and inquired after his guests. He sent to say that he would be happy to receive them in his own room at nine o'clock. In the meantime they had been supplied with all the bountiful care of hospitality, and were themselves softened, all of them, towards the Cardinal.

At nine o'clock the interview was to take place between him and those early friends, whom he had been instrumental in uniting

by a bond which he would have been glad to have called his own.

There is a strange sensation in hearts long estranged coming together again. Even in the common intercourse of life, when accident causes two friends to meet, between whom, in early years, the pure friendship of social good-will had existed, how does the heart expand with the remembrance of incidents, events, accidents or words, wherein was no guile, but the simple fervour of youthful respect !

That heart which cannot so feel in love, will know no pleasure in the prospect of meeting its generation when it rises from the dust. Oh ! that ever a word or a deed should make the human heart unkind ! Men ought to learn to love one another here, that they may be happy hereafter.

When years have parted friends between whom love was as a precious pearl, the very bond of the soul's peace, and a day brings them together, it is indeed a foretaste of joy which immortal spirits only can fully appreciate. It is something like to a glorious, everlasting sunshine, when clouds, and tempests, and dangers, and deaths, and darkness, and night have passed away, and one eternal day smiles upon the soul in bliss.

Wolsey's heart was softened by his coming fall. It had commenced; it was about to be severed from greatness, and no wonder that its early impressions of love, the desire of shining in the eyes of one whom it then accounted a marvel of acquirement to be admired by an enlightened mind, should return with vivacity into the soul, divested of the glitter of the world.

Cardinal Wolsey had transferred his first love for Ellen to ambition. He had now had twenty years' experience of the tortuous paths of human greatness, and had found that the smiles of men could never rest long upon one object; that to serve even a king, a man must never be exalted by him, but be always ready to give up all into the hands of the Giver. What such a man, with such a partner for life as Ellen might have been, is another question—it can but be a surmise.

Ellen, however, was in his house, she whom he once had loved with a devotion even beyond the wisdom of Solomon to comprehend; and though another had loved her with an ardour perhaps more truly humble—certainly not more noble—yet even at that moment Wolsey felt that between them, though years had passed away, there

was, there must be, an honourable estimation. He had not felt this in the day of his pride; it was only when he was humbled that this returned to him.

It returned to him too in the sweetest way it could possibly come—that of being a benefactor to his former benefactors. His hospitality, the last opportunity he ever had of shewing it at York Place, was the most gratifying to his spirit; and that day of calmness intervening between his last presiding as Chancellor, and his resigning the office, was spent in the happiest society he had ever enjoyed.

The hour came for the interview. Ellen felt it—Ellen knew the secret of Wolsey's heart—Latimer, his friend, knew it also, though Wolsey had believed them ignorant of what he schooled himself to think was his weakness. De Freston never did suppose

Wolsey to have been attached to his daughter.

It was well they had all rested a night under the same roof previously to their interview. It was well, also, that proud Alice de Clinton had departed ; it was well, likewise, that the Cardinal's state affairs permitted him a day's calm, that he might be disencumbered of his consequence. All things favoured the interview, and the parties met with mutual respect, the sure forerunner to a happy conversation.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE INTERVIEW.

DE FRESTON entered first, and was most graciously welcomed ; Ellen entered next, and the Cardinal's heart beat with a pulsation which would require quicker counting than any physician could enumerate.

Yet the very man who had denied himself the slightest natural movement of affection, so many years before when he gave her hand to his rival, could now seize both, and unite them with cordiality, in which his own soul liberally rejoiced.

His first words gave indication of a good heart.

“I rejoice to see you both. I am glad that years have not separated you, and that I have greater felicity, as a Cardinal, in joining your hands with my own, after the long lapse of years, than I had as a priest, when standing at the altar of St. Lawrence. Come, my dear friends, be seated, and, if ye can imagine yourselves in Freston Tower, *do so.*”

This was the honest, simple, undisguised language of a great heart, and could not be heard without emotion. Ellen and Latimer felt it, and each thought, though they did not say it: “Wolsey is a great man.”

De Freston thanked Wolsey for his kindness, and for the reception he had given them.

“I have done you no kindness, but I have pleased myself; and now, to be very candid with you, I must tell you at once that I must inquire into the cause of your being a prisoner in London?”

“That is soon told. You know well, Wolsey, my sentiments upon religious matters. I need hardly tell you that I am a Reformer—a friend to the true Church—hating, abjuring, and detesting those dreadful doctrines of the Papacy, against which I conceive every lover of truth should struggle with uncompromising and unconquerable determination.

“You cannot be a stranger to my love of truth. You know me well, and that I have entertained Bilney, Bale, and others, whom I account worthy of honour; men of learned and enlightened minds, instruments of spreading the truth.

“For these things I became distasteful to some nobles, and was accounted a disaffected member of the Church, and even accused of being a heretic. Lord Wentworth, acting under the orders of the Bishops of London and Norwich, and by your mandate, have seized my person and brought me hither: but I have not offended my conscience, and therefore hope to be acquitted.”

“I have seen and known many abuses in the Church,” replied Wolsey, “from very early days; and had I been elected Pope of Rome, I should have endeavoured to restore the Church of Rome to her ancient purity, and have raised her to what she truly is—the successor of St. Peter;—but that cannot be. I have now no hopes thereof, but I am still desirous of reforming many corruptions, prevalent in that

portion of the Romish Church which abides in England. I have punished many priests, I have issued my mandates against all irregularities, and will yet hope to see a great improvement in the Church.

“But, at the same time, I shall not conceal from thee that I do not approve of those heretical tenets which upstart preachers are now everywhere disseminating. I love the truth, and am glad to find that yesterday thy friend Bilney recanted his bold heresies, and has returned to the body of the Church a penitent.”

“*Bilney recanted!*” was the involuntary exclamation of all; “Bilney recanted!”

“Yes, I am informed he did penance, and stood at Paul’s Cross weeping.”

“Weep he will do,” replied De Freston, “weep he will do bitterly. That man has

an honest heart. He loves truth purely for truth's sake, and, in a moment's fear, he has forsaken the truth. I am sure he will repent of this step more than of any he ever took in his whole life."

Ellen wept. She wept to see her father's earnest emotion, and she felt as if something of life and happiness had left her.

"Let not the Lady Ellen weep," said the Cardinal. "I shall not condemn thy father because he speaks boldly. Thou needest not be afraid; I am thy friend and his. I pray thee weep not."

Tender words from great men are apt to make tears flow the faster. Ellen's mortification was extreme; for she had hoped the firmness of faith in this good

man would not have been shaken by any terrors. She sighed, but spake not.

It was not in Wolsey to triumph over the sufferings of any one, and much less over those of a woman, and that woman one whom he loved in his youth, and for whom he then felt such a sincere respect that he would rather spare it a pang than create it one.

He was sincere in his hope that, as Bilney had been so intimate with Lord De Freston, and had been so much admired by him that, in mentioning his recantation, he should prevail upon him likewise to recant privately before Tonstall, without any further exposure.

He had not succeeded, but had rather created in that venerable nobleman's mind an additional argument for his own firmness.

De Freston sighed and said :

“ Great minds are overcome by terrors, where little minds are often supported. Bilney has been a leader, a master-spirit, one to whom men have looked for example as well as precept. I do, therefore, grieve the more at his defalcation, and take it as a warning to myself, lest, in the hour of adversity, I should fall away.

“ O, my Lord Cardinal! I loved that man as I used to do thyself. I had great hopes of him. I had formed the highest expectations of him, and even now I will not despair of him.”

“ Nor I either ; I think he will become an ornament to the Church.”

“ And so do I ; but not to the Church of Rome.”

“ To what Church then ?”

“To the Church of Christ.”

“Is not the Church of Rome the Church of Christ?”

“Not whilst she holds the doctrines of presumption instead of those of faith; not whilst she propagates falsehoods for truth; not ‘whilst she loveth and maketh a lie;’ not whilst she debases her communicants by giving them half a sacrament for the whole, and even makes that half idolatrous by her false persuasions.

“She is one of those evils under the sun which King Solomon saw; viz., ‘*a servant when he reigneth,*’ for she ought to be the servant of God; but she pretends to reign with a King’s dominion, and cannot therefore be a true servant. Thou hast sought this at my tongue, Cardinal, and I am not ashamed thereof, neither do I ask pardon for giving thee a plain answer.”

“I can pardon thee without thine asking ; but here comes Tonsall, and if thou wouldst return in peace to thine own dear Freeston Tower, let me advise thee to speak more cautiously before him than before one who feels some gratitude for the past.”

“I can but speak to thee, my Lord, as I would before my judge. I will not compromise the truth for any Bishop of London.”

CHAPTER IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

CUTHBERT TONSTALL was ushered into the presence of the Cardinal, and it was curious to see how soon the dignitary of Rome assumed that position of manner and behaviour, which even then, though declined in royal favour, Wolsey could not forget.

They bowed reverentially to each other. Both were eminently learned men, and each had a great respect for letters.

“Has Bilney submitted to the orders of the Church, good father?”

“He has, my Lord, and is committed unto safe custody in prison to await thy fiat of detention or release. He has conformed, and I have here his written recantation, delivered by the heretic himself into our hands.”

It was agony indeed to De Freston to recognize the hand-writing of his friend, and the tears rolled down his face as he read, line by line, that document which told so sad a tale. But the old man's prayer ascended even then for such a friend. Tonstall exchanged looks of curiosity with the Cardinal, as to what this strong feeling could mean. He said:

“Thou oughtest rather to rejoice than weep at a heretic's arising from the depths

of the deluge to the safe footing of the ark of the Church."

"I weep to think," replied De Freston, "that he has fallen away from grace."

It would have been a marvel to Tonstall to find such a man in such company—a heretic in the Cardinal's palace! But he had been forewarned thereof by Alice De Clinton, and yet could he scarcely believe his ears and eyes.

"These are friends of Bilney," replied the Cardinal, "and they are my friends too, to whom I am indebted for many things: I would therefore intercede with thee, father, for thy mercy. Spare my aged friend for his grey hairs, and this, his daughter, for the love I bear her, and this, her husband, for the friendship's sake of early college days."

“ But will they promise to abjure the tenets of Bilney, and be obedient to the discipline of the Church.”

“ I will promise for them.”

“ What ?” asked De Freston.

“ That they shall do nothing contrary to the authority of the Church.”

“ If the Church command me to worship the Virgin Mary, the angels and the Host of Heaven, I will not do it. If she says I ought to pay respect to pictures at altars, candles and candlesticks, saints and their statues, I will call her idolatrous. If she tells me that the blood of any of her martyrs, male or female, will wash away my sins, I will tell her she lies.

“ In a word, my Lord Cardinal, and my Lord Bishop, if you think I would recant the doctrines which Bilney has preached at Ipswich or elsewhere, you are mistaken. I

desire to be tried even by the learned Tonstall, and before thyself ; I will answer any question thou dost put."

It is not the intention of these pages to record that long but interesting discussion, which then took place between four as learned men as could be well found in the realm at that day. Pain and grief did it give all parties to see that no mutual bond of union could settle the dispute between them.

Tonstall was convinced of the very superior antagonist he had met with in De Freston ; and he was made to feel his lash when they talked of the destruction of those who professed to believe in Christ, and strove not to act up to that belief.

"How can the Pope make laws," said De Freston, "to burn, or put to the rack,

or torture, or destroy any soul professing Christ's religion ?

“ Come, I will dispute the authority of the Church of Rome in this respect. I will maintain her to be an engine of Satan if she dares to shed any blood whatsoever, especially the blood of believers.

“ Shew me any authority for her putting any one to death. Did even the Apostles put Ananias and Sapphira to death? They saw that God would visit the wicked, and they told the wicked that it would be so ; but they left the visitation for the Almighty's hand, in whose power alone is the life of every living thing.”

“ Wouldst thou, then,” replied Tonsall, “ have the murderer live ?”

“ No : an apostle says, ‘ If I have done

anything worthy of death I refuse not to die.' The sword of justice is borne by the civil, not the ecclesiastical power; and if an offender against human and divine laws will not hear the voice of the preacher calling him to repentance, if neither private nor public rebuke will convince him of his danger, all the authority of the Church cannot go beyond his rejection from their companionship or fellowship.

"They must then leave him to the mercies of the civil law, or criminal jurisprudence of the country he lives in, and God will do with him as He sees best. I deny the power of Rome justly to punish any man whatsoever with death, where his life is one of faith, though that faith may be exercised to overthrow all the superstitions of Rome."

“Then the Church errs in punishing heretics?”

“With persecution unto death she does; and she will have to answer for all the murders she has thus unrighteously, violently, passionately, and horribly committed. If she were to condemn me, I would protest against her power to the last, and though I might rejoice in suffering, I should sorrow for thee, Bishop Tonstall, to be my executioner.”

It was in this strain, with the purest Protestant feeling, and yet with such pious consideration for those bigotted followers of the Pope that De Freeston combatted the arguments of Tonstall, and made him shudder at his own position. Whether it was that the Cardinal interceded, countermanded, over-ruled, or prevailed with the

Bishop, perhaps all these things, or whether Cuthbert Tonstall was himself confounded at the boldness and soundness of the head and heart of De Freston, it is certain that he proceeded no further with the prosecution of De Freston as a heretic, but left York Place with a heart stricken at the very thought of the cruelties which he had in some measure been accessory to, in the supposed defence of his Church.

“We will leave off our polemical divinity,” said Wolsey, “and if you will spend one day of quiet hospitality with me, we will talk over Ipswich and early associations, and leave these heart-burnings for other thoughts.”

Well said was this by the Cardinal. It was like a spark of glory striking light into his soul. Oh, would that every member of his high and mighty, pompous Church could

have seen the joy which then diffused itself
over the Cardinal's features.

“'Twas for a day, a day of such pure bliss
As friendship nurtures in a world like this ;
Few such are found midst sorrows to prevail ;
If one such visit thee, O ! give it hail.”

CHAPTER X.

ENJOYMENT.

UNALLOYED enjoyment is a thing unknown in this world ; even for one whole day. Perhaps the sorrows which all experience for half, if not the whole of that period, may make the few minutes of happiness the sweeter.

Happiness is not, it cannot be found in any sensual pleasure, in any one pursuit in which the laws of humanity, nature, and of God are violated.

Perfect enjoyment must be divested of all fear ; there must be no pang before or after it—that is, the pang if any must have passed away, and that which the heart is about to participate in, must not be productive of one single regret.

Wolsey, De Freston, Ellen and Latimer, had all endured the severity of sorrow in finding themselves placed in that species of opposition upon vital questions, upon dangerous topics, upon then growing dissensions which were stirring in the land.

Wolsey was Lord of the house in which his guests were, not trembling, but bold before him. They also, on the other hand, were conscious that he was to be the judge of De Freston ; and in the judgment of him was involved the happiness of the others.

These parties had suffered much pain. Honest they all might be ; but the man of

power and authority had at least this superiority that he was at once the arbiter and the host. He was in the position of friendship, cordiality, hospitality, generosity, and of judgment ; and they, though his guests, were at the same time his prisoners. But who were they, and at what time were they there ?

Wolsey was about to be shorn of his fancied nobility, and to lose the eye of favour. He was too much of a politician not to know what he had to expect ; and he was really and truly a man of too great a mind to murmur at the fickleness of the King's favour.

Lift up a beggar from the dunghill, set him among princes, and if he is not gifted with that wisdom which knows who exalts and who puts down, he will neither know how to bear elevation, or degradation. He

is like an actor who, having enjoyed years of successful flattery, is astonished at his own decline, and knows not how to bear the coolness of disappointment.

Happy the man whom nothing but the world to come can exalt ; who preserves humility under all circumstances, and doing his duty nobly, retires into nothingness conscious that he is nobody.

A great man this, indeed. He is like that great philosopher who, after a life of calculations, such as laid bare to the world the right movements of the heavenly bodies, declared that to himself he appeared no more than a child playing with a cup and ball, or blowing soap-bubbles with a tobacco-pipe.

This is a species of intellectual innocence which very few men attain. Half the world knowing little, are apt to grow proud of the knowledge of that little, and have such

conceit thereof as to imagine the world must think them wonders ; but the really wise man is wonderful only to himself in his knowledge of his own marvellous ignorance.

Wolsey was a great man, as all the world proclaimed ; but very few who saw him knew anything of the real greatness of his private character. Men in after-ages made him the theme of fallen pride, and descanted upon his origin as if he rose from the butcher's shambles by impudence.

There are some impudent men who do succeed in thrusting themselves into places for which they have no pretensions in the shape of mental qualification whatsoever ; and these men are generally the greatest boasters and vaunters of their own selves ; but they usually die unnoticed, or are looked upon with contempt by men of their own calibre.

What must men of superior intellect think of them ?

Wolsey was no such mortal. He gave that day convincing proof of his being not only bred a gentleman, but of his having preserved the spirit of one through all the plenitude of his power, even to the moment of its decay.

He was the first to propose such terms of peace to his visitors, as nothing but a heartless bigot could refuse. It was no compromise of principle, it was no admission of infidelity, it was no sop, to induce a departure from that which De Freston held dear as his life, neither was it any jesuitical casuistry or show of lenity to discover the weakness of an adversary that he might attack him when he was asleep.

No. It was Wolsey's greatness, certainly,

induced by his circumstances which made him cast down the glove of philanthropy, or the olive branch of peace, instead of that of defiance.

It is said that the honesty of love must conquer even the proudest heart. It will conquer everything but the heart devoured by the love of money ; and that heart death alone, and then only by violent constraint, can subdue.

“ Let us have one day’s friendship,” said Wolsey. “ I give up all points of dispute. Let us have no divisions ; let us be friends. To-morrow, ye shall go free ; free to return whence ye came, to the banks of the Orwell, to my native place ; and if I could but step back thirty years, and forget all the interval, I would kiss again the waters of my childhood, and dive into the waves.

“ But come, my dear companions of my

youth. Pomp and I must, for a few hours, part company. Forget me as a Cardinal; look not on me as a judge. See me as I am, plain Thomas Wolsey, son of your old friend, nephew to your relative, and cousin to yourselves; but more than all this, your truly humble servant, Archbishop of York.

“If you will not receive me in this light, tell me, only tell me how you will accept me, and I am yours.”

Had it been bigotry, prejudice, or fanaticism that dwelt in De Freston's soul, he would have looked upon this language as merely a temptation to allure him into a snare, and have at once set his face as a flint against the offer of hospitality. He would have looked upon it as a contamination. He would have felt all the prejudices of pride against it, and have steeled his soul with rudeness to cut short the proposition of love.

De Freston was no bigot, but a true Christian. He acknowledged the claim which Wolsey had upon his friendship, and at once graciously accepted his offer.

“I came here to be judged, expecting to be condemned by the very man whom I once knew as my friend. But I am neither judged nor condemned. I am neither put upon my trial nor acquitted, but am as though I had come into the house of an acquaintance, and why should I be so inhuman as to think of an enemy?”

“I accept your proffered hospitality for us all; and as far as in me lies, I will endeavour to enjoy it with that thankfulness which I am persuaded I ought to feel. Ellen, my daughter, what say you to this turn of the wind in our favour?”

“Say, my dear father! say?—that I am proud of my early friend!”

Never in life, before or after, did Wolsey feel his soul expand as it did at that moment.

It was a moment of love in the soul of a man whose whole career had been devoted to ambition. The big tear started in his full eye, and actually rolled down his cheek and fell upon his scarlet vest.

Oh! that the tear of love could fall upon the scarlet vests of all Cardinals, and that they could see themselves as they are, but men of the same flesh, the same blood, the same bone, the same dust as the poorest Protestant in these realms! Till then, the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life will prevail in the dominion of the Papacy.

“Latimer, give me your hand,” said Wolsey. “I have not behaved to you as I ought, and years of neglect cannot be atoned

for in a moment. Your hand, William, reminds me of my youth. I cannot forget my university. Proud days we enjoyed together. Days of anticipated triumph. Ah ! Latimer, yours was an unexpected triumph ; mine a long-anticipated hope, extinguished by yourself, but now blessed in seeing you happy.”

Great man ! Greater infinitely than the world knew. Could Cavendish have revealed this, the world would truly have sympathized with a man who, though raised to an eminence higher than that which any subject ever yet stood upon, was hurled down therefrom at the moment when his whole soul was full of pity and philanthropy.

Ellen could not see the emotion of her early friend at such a time without a look of compassion, in which the generous and honest Latimer most fully shared.

“It is best for us all to retire awhile,” she said, “that we may be each composed for the harmony of a happy hour.”

“It is well said, my friends: after our unusual excitement, it will do us all good. My chamberlain will conduct you.”

CHAPTER XI.

HOSPITALITY.

THE Cardinal alone—left alone to himself—bethought him of his coming fall. He sent for Cavendish, and ordered every preparation for quiet hospitality.

“I want no state to-day. Let all my serving-men take holiday, let as many as please visit their friends in the city; and hark ye, Cavendish! let my state-visitors, who come to pry into my decline, and to partake of what good fare a Cardinal’s table may afford

them, be told that I am indisposed to-day.

“ I am indisposed, indeed, to receive any strangers, or any ministers of state this day. My few early friends it is worth your while, my good secretary, to cultivate, for they have hearts of hospitality ; and when greatness and I are separated, you may find them no mean substitute for your master. I would have you, therefore, at my table, none other ; and as this is a day with which the world, the political or public world in which I am concerned, can have nothing to do, so let it be unrecorded among the transactions of my career, which you have undertaken to set down.”

Cavendish himself started at this ; for, though his master knew that he kept account of all the events of his life, and employed himself in making memoranda of what

happened in the course of his secretaryship, he rather desired to record that day, above all others, as one in which his master shone with the most conspicuous splendour.

“What would my lord have me say of this day?”

“Simply that I kept at home all the day. I have little stomach for the company of princes, Cavendish, but I shall be glad of thine.

“Ah! Mr. Secretary, the King has taken what he gave me, and he is welcome to it, for it is his own; and in my hands it has suffered no injury. My gold and silver is kept clean, and is fit for a King’s table. But I have many things for thee to do, my worthy secretary, before we meet at our mid-day meal. You have made out a true inventory of all in my house?”

“Of everything, my master.”

“Good, then, make a true copy thereof. I give thee the things thou didst ask for, the handsome gold box in which the seals of my office are preserved, enter it not into the inventory.

“I give thee, also, Henry the Seventh’s purse, which he gave to his poor almoner ; and if all he gave with it had not long been handed over to his son, thou, Cavendish, shouldst have had it with its store. Note it not, but let it be a bauble preserved for the Royal Giver’s sake. Henry VIII. will not leave me any memorial of himself but the remembrance of my long service.

“But tell me, Cavendish, didst thou ever see easier, gentler, or more graceful dignity in woman, than in the person of that lady now a guest in our house?”

“I never did, my lord ; I thought so when I saw her, long before your arrival, nay,

when she supported her father in Canon Street prison. She is a gem of inestimable value. A princess in right of herself, at the same time that she is a servant to her husband."

"On my word, Mr. Secretary, if the ladies knew what a discernor thou wert of true feminine dignity, they would perhaps strive to comport themselves with great carefulness before so nice a critic."

"They would, therefore, assuredly fail, my lord ; for when females try so much, or make so great an effort to appear what they ought to be in our eyes, it is a sign that they attempt to be what they really are not. The Lady Latimer has no such finesse about her. She is all she seems to be, and tries not for a moment to assume to be thought anything of. Her carriage is simplicity, the bearing

of innocency ; and in my eye she is handsomer far handsomer than Anne Boleyn."

"Hush ! this is treason as well as flattery in my house, and if reported, might disgrace thee. Thou art not yet sufficiently noble game for royal arrows to be shot at. Time, however, may come, when aim may be taken at thyself. A nobler quarry is at present in view.

"But I am glad, still, that this dear lady has attractions, even for thy younger eye. Thou shalt hear her converse, Cavendish ; I heard it when I was your age, when it resembled the notes of a golden-strung lyre, and my young heart could respond to its song. Alas ! alas ! I am now like a broken harp, without one chord of love and harmony !"

"Say not so, my lord ; I have ever found

you sweetness and gentleness personified."

"Go, Cavendish, prepare thyself. We meet at noon."

At noon they all met.

The banquet-hall was spread with taste. No lords, no squires, no gentlemen-ushers, no display of courtly greatness.

Wolsey received his friends without any attempt to overwhelm them with magnificence. His condescension alone was overwhelming, for even De Freston could not be insensible to the delicacy shewn upon this occasion, when the man at whose table nobles were accustomed to learn politeness, was himself so polite, as to dispense with all display of nobility, that De Freston might be duly honoured.

Cavendish alone participated in the unaffected pleasure of these friends. It was a

banquet of love, a revival of days gone by. The Cardinal, his master, shone in a new light as the conqueror of himself.

The subject of conversation turned upon chivalry, the deeds and exploits of the tournament, the banners of the nobility, the arms, quarters, crests of the distinguished of the past, and the existing day ; and Wolsey said :

“ I was once a gallant knight, Ellen De Freston was my mistress, and a savage mastiff my opponent ; I had an ox shin-bone for my weapon, and a good courage, steady hand, and a righteous cause of action. Did I, or did I not acquit myself valiantly ? ”

“ No knight could ever do better execution. Did not the lady bestow her guerdon ? ”

“ He was too proud to claim it, father,” replied Ellen.

“Then he will claim it now, fair lady ; and in the presence of thy husband, too ; and he himself shall not deny thee the honour of the grant.”

All looked astonishment ; Ellen alone smiled, for she knew the courteous propriety of that delicate hospitality which could not ask a thing it would be unbecoming a lady’s love to grant.

“I grant it thee, Wolsey, and with gratitude, for I can never forget the gallantry of that day, nor do I fail to acknowledge the compliment in this. Name it, and I will assuredly grant it.”

“Thou seest my coat-of-arms : my crest is now ^pa Cardinal’s hat, but, with thy permission, a naked arm (for I was never a mail-clad warrior) a naked arm, bearing a shin-bone, shall surmount that hat in com-

memoration of our mention of the event in thy presence in York Place.”

“I cannot fail to grant it ; but promise me this, that over the portal of my favourite tower, I may place thine arms so surmounted, in the hope that thou wilt honour yet again our Freeston Tower.”

The Cardinal sighed. His nature could not but be grateful, nor his spirit otherwise than courteous. He felt the compliment and replied :

“I fear the latter cannot be ; I must go where the King orders me, for I am his servant ; but believe me, Lady, once to see the Tower again, and to feel as I now do, would be a happiness, I fear, too great for Cardinal Wolsey.

“Ipswich is in my heart : I received the rudiments of education there, and its refine-

ments in the company of thee and of thy father.

“My friend Latimer, knows well that the strong shin-bone was in my view all the days of his residence at Oxford, and only when I returned from the ceremony of thy marriage, did I drop it into the river from Magdalen Bridge.

“The memory, however, of thy kindness shall not be lost ; I will send thee a nobly-sculptured coat-of-arms to be placed over the gateway of Freston Castle. Nay, lady, I have one nearly completed for my college at St. Peter’s. It shall even precede thee on thy way homeward, and I will soon forward the additional appendage to surmount the Cardinal’s hat.”

These things led to all the local points of memory, in which the Cardinal shewed a gratitude of heart to which, for years, he

had been thought to be a stranger. His inquiries after friends, his naming many who had been kind to him, the very boys whom he remembered at school.

This led to a long discussion about his college, the suppression of the monasteries, the death of John of Alneshborne, and last, not least, his hours at Freston Tower.

Upon this theme he seemed to dwell with all the fervour of imagination which he possessed in his youth, and would time have permitted, he would have talked of Latimer's Tower and Magdalen until morning.

But his old friend, Latimer, observed that the spirit of sorrow seemed to steal over his brow; and, from excessive vivacity, a sober but delicate mournfulness came upon him. His voice, though always soft, became

gradually painful, and one of those early visitations, to which his great mind was subject, oppressed him.

Nothing can be more infectious than melancholy, especially when exhibited in a great man; and though Wolsey endeavoured to shake it off, it so completely subdued him, that he became silent, thoughtful and abstracted.

Latimer and Cavendish knew his mood; but De Freston and Ellen, whose hearts were touched to pity, felt the change.

“My dear friends,” said the Cardinal, “I have enjoyed your society, but I must say farewell. I feel an oppression—a swimming of the brain—a dizziness to which I am subject, and I must retire.”

“O, Wolsey!” said De Freston, “let me thank you for this hospitality. I am

not insensible to your kindness. Proud should I be to see you again in Suffolk. Let me hope you will visit your college and me."

"I thank you, good nobleman. My college there, unless the royal Henry shall regard it, will, I fear, be neglected. Your proffered hospitality I do not think I shall tax; but my friend Cavendish, if ever you should have the opportunity of paying him any attention, I shall greet it as in memory of myself.

"I will forward you on your way tomorrow; and when, a few months hence, you hear of the Cardinal and his altered fortunes, bespeak him kindly for old friendship's sake.

"I can see a host of enemies arising, backed by the King, like his huntsman and

hounds in pursuit of a poor stricken hart.
Cavendish, do the duties of hospitality
for me.

“Dear friends, farewell!”

With dignity and gentleness combined,
the great Wolsey pressed respectfully the
hand of Ellen, and cordially those of
De Freston and Latimer, and left them
to think of him, and to mourn over his
fate.

“’Twas the last day of meeting, and they part—

Reader, thou hast some gentleness of heart—

Forgive poor Ellen if she wept alone

To see his altered mien, his altered tone.

We love our early days, our friends of youth,

When all seems loveliness and joy of truth.

So let us love, in sorrow and in shade,

For love is lasting and will never fade.”

CHAPTER VII.

THE FALL.

WHEN great men fall, the world is sure to talk of it for a long time. Ages after ages remember the prostrate and overgrown tree, whilst hundreds and thousands of minor bulk may lie upon the earth and no one think anything more about them. The sappling may be snapt in the gale, but the oak—the majestic oak—is not thrown down without a tempest.

Nor was the great Cardinal overthrown

without a revolution in the conduct and affairs of that prince and kingdom which he had so faithfully served. Even the clergy of the realm felt their portion of degradation in the loss of that representative, who, notwithstanding his extravagance, had certainly their temporal interest at heart.

Could Wolsey have returned with De Freston, an independent man, or dependent upon that early friendship which had no political or selfish interest in his career, he might have enjoyed the spirit of his youth upon the banks of the Orwell ; and, had the enlightened Ellen been as she was in his early ambitious days of distinction, the incentive would have outweighed all the terrors of a king's frown, and he would have become a great man in his retirement.

But he went to York. There he shone as the friend of his clergy in a more subdued, but far more pleasant light. He was treated everywhere with courtesy, and had not jealousy, animosity, and inveterate hatred been exercised to turn the King's mind against him, he would have become a far greater man than he had ever before been ; for he might have learnt contentment.

But Ellen returns to her mansion in Brook Street ; and De Freston is restored to his ancient castle. Friends from far came to meet them, as they returned, and to congratulate them upon the successful issue of that fiery trial.

Few escaped the inquisitorial court, which then sat upon heretics, as the reformers were called ; and if they escaped without any falling away, or retraction of the position of truth which they held, their escape was at-

tended with a triumph among the people, almost as great as if they had suffered martyrdom.

Bilney was never happy when he escaped from the first trial of his faith, until the spirit, the conscientious spirit of truth returned to him again, and told him it was better to suffer for the truth's sake, than to live in the favour and indulgences of sinful Rome.

Lord De Freston was happy, because he had compromised nothing, consented to no abjuration of his vows, and came home as he went up, a faithful Protestant.

There was great rejoicing at Ipswich where, at that time, his trial was looked upon as a persecution; and every one, who had imbibed anything of the growing love for truth, felt that his return was a species of

victory obtained in righteousness. It had the desired effect of strengthening De Freston in his views of the truth, and afforded a forcible lesson to some then wavering in their minds, concerning the fearful consequences of embracing the truth.

The very return of De Freston caused Bilney's sorrow to be the greater, and this noble friend was one who deeply lamented with him his departure from the convictions of his soul for the mere sorrows of the world.

Better, far better, is it to stand firm, or die in a righteous cause, boldly confronting the king of terrors, with faith, than to deny, for the fancied sake of peace, the real convictions of truth.

De Freston had the strength and privilege to condole with Bilney upon his lapse, and

grace to fortify his mind with the love of that Word, in which he afterwards sealed his triumph by martyrdom.

It was not to be expected that the return of De Freston, and his now public profession of the doctrines of the reformers, should be the entrance upon a life of worldly tranquillity. He was a marked man, a man against whom bigotted tongues wagged loud and long ; and, as he was a learned man, and a fearless one as well, as far as regarded any temporal punishment for his faith, he hesitated not to set all the priests of Rome at defiance, and to dispute with any one of them concerning the doctrines of the reformation. His son-in-law, Latimer, was equally zealous in the defence of the truth, and exposed himself to all the fury of the times in which he lived.

“ We must not shrink, Ellen,” he ex-

claimed, "in our high position ; we must still do our endeavours to shelter those poor clergymen in this town who stand up for the truth ; and as long as my house can be the shelter for the persecuted, I feel happy, and I trust my dear Ellen does the same."

"That she does, William, notwithstanding all the accusations she receives of deserting the Romish Church in which she was first brought up. You need not be afraid, my husband, after such an example as our dear father afforded us, when summoned to the conference in London, that I should shrink.

"I saw then, and loved his dignified and truthful demeanour, in the presence of those whom weaker minds would have feared. But I like not his living alone at Freston Castle. He grows old, and though his dear grey locks are a crown of glory to him, and

his eye is not yet dim, nor his intellect abated in its wonted energies; bodily infirmities bend his gentle head, and he requires, I think, our constant residence with him.

“I cannot bear the idea of such a father being without our company. We may be useful here in promoting every good cause, but nature in the aged requires attention, and to whom can he look for love, piety, and respect, if not to his children. I propose, Latimer, that we leave our present residence, and if our father is willing, that we go to Freston.”

It was so agreed, and the faithful couple returned to dwell with Lord De Freston, who though he had never asked it, was delighted at the mutual proposition of his children, to make abode with him in his old days. For a short time did the joys of their former

years dwell with them, and a peaceful state marked the latter life of this excellent man, Lord De Freston.

Again the dear tower, the haunt of their youth, and Latimer's own project, became the place of their reading and converse; and hence issued many of those awakening epistles of the times which led to the enlightenment of not a few of the strenuous reformers of Ipswich and Bury.

The press of Master Antony Skolloker, and that of Master John Owen, shewed up the monks of Bury, all the fooleries of the priests of Rome, and all the mal-practices and arbitrary doings of the diocese of Norwich. John Bale, the friend of Latimer, here wrote his "*Catalogus, Scriptorum Illustrum Britaniæ*," which he afterwards published at Ipswich.

It was in the month of December, 1530,

when the log was burning on the old hall-fire, and the venerable De Freston was seated between his lovely daughter and Latimer, that a conversation arose concerning their friend the Cardinal. They were speaking of his greatness; of his altered condition, his residence and usefulness at York; when the warder's bell rang, and a young man was announced as desirous to see Lord De Freston.

He was welcomed into the hall, accoutred according to the times, in immense riding-boots, long spurs, and stout leathern jerkin. The stranger bowed respectfully to the party and looked up, as if he thought they would have recognized his features and guessed his communication; for he was in the fashion of that day dressed with a mourning scarf; and if these did not speak for him, the sober, grave and mournful manner of his speech

awoke in Ellen the first suspicion of his message ; and then a recognition of his face, for she exclaimed :

“Thou art the bearer of ill-tidings of thy master.”

“Alas, lady ! I am, indeed—my master is no more.”

“Is Wolsey dead, good Master Cavendish ?”

“He is dead, good Lord De Freston, and he often said to me, that I should find in thee a good man and true ; a friend with whom I might awhile assuage that grief which now afflicts me.”

“And so thou shalt ; but take thy jerkin off. Good Latimer, attend for me on Master Cavendish, and bring him presently unto us again.”

Cavendish and Latimer retired, and when Lord De Freston looked at Ellen, she was

weeping. The old man was touched, and spake most gently of him.

“We must not weep, my daughter, for the dead. Let us rather rejoice that all the agonies of his life are over.”

“In that I may, perhaps I do rejoice, but we must hear more of his latter days to make me feel as hopeful for his future happiness as I could wish. He was a youth of promise, father; a wise, a discerning youth. I cannot forget the early devotion of his life to our society, when he appeared to possess a freedom which was then bidding fair to be untrammelled by superstition. I think of him then, dear father, and I wonder if this spirit of his youth revived in him during his last days?”

“We shall hear more of this anon. I loved his youth; I loved his learning too, my child. I admire many of his acts; but I fear

he was unmerciful towards those who differed with him. But let us hear what Master Cavendish says. We must all depart. You must lose your father, too."

This changed the current of Ellen's thoughts and she wept no more, but spoke cheerfully to her parent—making a generous effort to divert any gloominess from his mind.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE COURTIER.

“BUT here comes the faithful Cavendish, he will tell us more of the real state of our dear friend’s mind, and how he took the King’s displeasure.”

That faithful servant, who admired and loved his master, and attended him diligently, and did his business as his secretary so faithfully, that Wolsey would gladly have preferred him before a better master, entered the hall with Latimer.

He had changed his riding costume for one adapted to the age, when the luxurious warmth of sofas, cushions, and couches, were unknown, and in general, a high-backed, elaborately-carved chair, with good, firm, oaken seat, was the ornamental place of the guest before the cheerful blaze of the English fire.

One of Daundy's bloodhounds lay at De Freston's feet ; smooth with velvet ears, long and shining, not so pendent as those of the old slot hound ; but equally tinged with that black rim so indicative of the true breed.

He was a dog of most grave countenance, and except when put upon the scent, or at play with Ellen's young staghound, exhibited about as much animation as Van Amburg's lions when their master was not near them.

He opened his huge eyes as Cavendish

seated himself, and looked at him as if a courtier was a strange animal in De Freston's hall.

"Be seated, my young friend ; a cup of posset after your ride will do you good."

It was brought, and as exercise in that day in the shape of a journey was a much more difficult and stirring thing than it is now, when a man can breakfast in London from Ipswich, and dine again at the same place he started from without using his legs or his horse's legs for a hundred yards, it was so much the more relished, and gave the generous Cavendish comfort.

"I have been five days journeying from the court. I have been many, many more journeying from the North, and glad am I, after some weeks of anxiety, to find myself a tenant of this hospitable hall. My gracious master used frequently to tell me I should

enjoy the beauties of your pleasant scenery."

"Not exactly at this time of the year, Master Cavendish, unless you are particularly partial to wild fowl shooting; but you shall want for nothing which we can give you to make you welcome. How fared your master in his latter end?"

"Alas! not so well as I could have wished. His latter hours were greatly disturbed by the King's suspicions of his fraudulent dealing with regard to fifteen hundred pounds; which sum, my master had borrowed of divers persons to pay us, his poor servants."

"How did that disturb him?"

"He took it deeply to heart, that having given up all he possessed, whatsoever had come to him from his position in the realm, that the King should shew so little favour to

him as to demand of him that which he had borrowed from private individuals.”

“Alas, poor Wolsey!” exclaimed De Freston, “what is the favour of a prince worth? He gives thee honours and wealth, and takes them from thee, and robs thee in thy poverty.”

“Hush! my Lord De Freston. I am now the King’s servant!”

“I am no traitor to the King, nor do I wish to speak treasonable, but truthful words to thee, Master Cavendish. Thy royal master seems to have been much too hard upon thy spiritual master. Deny it if thou canst.”

“I deny it not; for I heard that honest man say to Sir William Kingston: ‘Oh, good Lord! how much doth it grieve me, that the King should think in me any such deceit wherein I should deceive him of any

one penny that I have. Rather than I would, Master Kingston, embezzle, or deceive him of one penny, I would it were moulten and put in my mouth. This money that you demand of me, I assure you that it is none of mine, for I borrowed it of divers of my friends to bury me, and to bestow among my servants, who have taken great pains about me like true and faithful servants.’ ”

“ I cannot help thinking that thy royal master shewed more avarice than love in this matter.”

“ Alas ! I think so too, in honest truth, my Lord ; for though, when I told the King how earnestly my master blessed him, yet did he seem more anxious about his money than his blessing. But kings must not be judged like other men.”

“ Not in their generation, Master Caven-
dish ; but posterity will not spare a bad

man, though he be a king. Your poor master found but little reward for his services to his Majesty, or to his country. He had better not have been ambitious of vain glory."

"Alas! my master's memorable words will sound on many ears as proverbial of every minister of temporal power, who thinks he may exalt himself by infidelity to God, if he be but eminent for his loyalty. I am sure my master was a most loyal subject — a most obedient subject. He hated rebellion in any shape."

"But hold!" said Latimer, "his ambition destroyed his principles, and he became a mere time-serving minister of the state, when he ought to have been, with his holy vows, the free servant of the living God."

“It is true, Master Latimer, it is too true, and hence his dying conviction—common to all ambitious servants who seek to reign by their master’s favour—for my master exclaimed to Sir William Kingston: ‘If I had served God as diligently as I have done the King, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs. But this is the just reward that I must receive for my diligent pains and study that I have had to do him service, not regarding my service to God, but only to satisfy his pleasure.’”

“It is a lesson to us all,” said Ellen, “and thou, Master Cavendish, wilt remember it, and I trust wilt save thy conscience in this respect, not putting too high a value on thy new station.”

“I thank thee, lady. It is good for me to come into this country that I may

be admonished by such a kind lecturer against the precipice down which my master fell so rapidly. I thank thee, lady, honestly."

"Nay, thou art welcome, Mr. Courtier, and I trust we shall see thee better rooted in thy faith than courtiers generally are, who accommodate their opinions so nicely to their master's will, that they have no conscience but for their master's pleasures."

"Good again ! indeed thou art good in thy advice ; but thou must not expect to make me an heretic !"

This was tender ground to touch upon, at such a moment, and in a first visit too. Ellen had lain too long under the ban of being called and cursed as a heretic, to mind what kings or courtiers might say or do.

Her faith was fixed, pure, simple-minded, solid and steady, and no man could make her waver any more in her faith than they could in her principles of life.

They conversed long on their favourite topic—the Cardinal and his fortunes, his boyhood and his youth—and Cavendish was then enlightened upon many points which he might most fairly have revealed, and would have done, but for fear of his royal master.

“*Tempora mutanta, et nos mutamur in illis*”

We are not, in the nineteenth century, afraid to speak truth upon any subject, and equally scorn the imputation of rebellion in so doing, as we do the idea of vapid popularity, merely for the sake of bread. We do not now-a-days worship great men for the sake of what we can get out

of them; for there is little to be had, even by the humblest, since patronage, and learning, and talent, and literature, are all brought now to Mammon's hammer.

He is a bold man who speaks the truth, and he is but a coward, be he whom he will, who is afraid to do so. The man who loves another, is afraid of no man, for he can do injury to no one, and is ready to lay down his life for his brother.

Such was Lord De Freston, such was William Latimer, and such was Ellen, as the sequel will show, in the end of this tale of Freston Tower.

“Alice De Clinton,” said Cavendish, “lives somewhere in this part of Suffolk. Have you seen her?”

“Is it likely, Master Cavendish, after our interview at York Place? She does live at her ancestral residence, Goldwell Hall; but she looks down with utter contempt upon us heretics, and I verily believe would burn us all, house, home, and Bible, provided only she could immortalize her pride.”

“Oh, Mistress Latimer! surely thou art uncharitable in thy judgment.”

“If thou art not perverted in thine own, thou wilt thyself soon perceive it. We will direct thee to her dwelling, and leave thee to the candour of thine own mind. If thou dost pronounce her more humbled in her present dwelling than when she abode in thy master’s palace, then say that we are bigots, and Alice De Clinton is liberal.”

The visit was projected for the morrow.

Meanwhile, with hearts of pity, Latimer and Ellen sincerely mourned over the death of Cardinal Wolsey.

“They mourn’d to think a man should die
In sorrow for his loyalty ;
But more they mourned the fall of friend,
Deserted in his latter end ;
They felt correction ’neath the rod,
And thus were true to man and God.”

CHAPTER XIV.

GOLDWELL HALL.

GOLDWELL HALL, Caldwell Hall, or, as it was afterwards designated on account of the frigidity of its stern and haughty bigot, Mistress Alice De Clinton, Cold Hall, was a spacious building, and stood upon an imposing eminence at the eastern boundary of Ipswich, being held by the Bishop of Norwich, as guardian of his niece, and afterwards appropriated to religious purposes by its proud possessor.

It was there that, in the times of the persecution of the Protestants in Suffolk, many of those furious zealots who sat in conclave upon the Reformers, used to meet and deliberate upon the best method of putting an end to the growing errors of enlightenment.

Alice De Clinton had, like many haughty favourites, learnt to hate the unfortunate Wolsey, when she found herself no longer supported in the dignity of her imperial influence in his house.

Pride is so selfish at all times, that it cannot feel for any one but itself; and when it sees the fall of one whom it really considered greater than itself, instead of being humbled thereby, it will seek to rise even upon the ruins of obligation, and imagine itself a degree higher than the man debased.

Poor pride ! when wilt thou be humbled by anything but death ?

Alice retired from the splendour of Wolsey's court, carried with her the keenest hatred of the Reformers, on the very account of Ellen's reception at York Place ; but when she came to Goldwell Hall, when she found that Latimer, Ellen, and Lord De Freston, were the most popular friends of the heretics, and lived in Ipswich, beloved by thousands, it was said that even her cold, stern, and immoveable nature was roused to rage, and she exclaimed :

“ The fire shall burn them or me ! ”

Strange language for a high-born dame ; but in those days, as in these, unsubdued tempers, fed by superstition, will be guilty of any cruelties, and yet call them virtues.

Alice was a compound of hatred, such a character as can scarcely be seen now-a-days ; she would have pricked the dead tongue of Ellen with a savage joy, could she have had it plucked out and laid before her whilst she had a bodkin in her hand.

She fed hatred in her own bosom very willingly, and the insidious priests of Rome found her hall so cold to anything like love, that they could induce her to believe and almost to do anything they bade her.

Rome was an idol in her heart, because it suited the pride of her nature. The religion of Rome, which was corrupted so as to exalt the Virgin Mary into being styled the Queen of Heaven, was easily adapted to make a proud woman be-

lieve she was a sort of queen upon earth.

The elevation it gave to female influence in the affairs of the Church, the pretended excellence which it attributed to female devotion, when carried to external self-denials, instead of inward humility, all tended to puff up the owner of Goldwell Hall, and make her conceive that she had more influence in the Church than the bishop, and much more dignity than if she had gone to Winton.

She was closeted with Father Mortimer Duncan and Thomas Pountenay, priests of St. John the Baptist, in which chapelry stood the domain of Goldwell, and talking to them about the then unsettled state of affairs in the Church ; and something may be gathered very instructive from

their conversation, as shewing the kind of intrigue then going on under the garb of devotion.

“Can nothing be done, father, against these pestilent heretics? Has the Church lost all her power, because these infatuated people have returned from their impeachment without conviction, through the leniency of your proud townsman, Wolsey?”

“Why, though belonging to Ipswich, and associated with his youth, should he have been so weak as to spare the strong arm of Rome, when he could have crushed this monster in the person of De Freston? He has verily done more to root disaffection in his native town, by this poor weakness of his heart, than if he had boldly delivered that heretic to the flames. But can nothing be done?”

“ We have been praying in our chapel, lady, beside those ever-burning candles, which thou hast so graciously presented to our Lady, and, as we looked upon the seven flames, we saw them divide ; yes, lady, the burning flames of thy candles all appeared to be divided ; and all on a sudden one half was, by an unseen hand, extinguished. We communed deeply upon this subject ; we wondered what it could import, the more especially as we both perceived in the seven flames two illuminated letters, A. and E., just as brother Pountenay has here depicted them ; what can it import ? ”

“ Which was extinguished — which half — which letter, father ? ” exclaimed the proud lady, with a degree of agitation which rendered her whole frame tremulous.

“ It was the letter E. ”

“Now our Lady be praised for that!” exclaimed the marble Alice. “I can perceive its importance! It is sufficient confirmation for me! It will do, good father—it will do! It is a sign—yes it is a sign to me from Heaven! It shall come to pass! I have long thought upon it. It has been upon my mind; and this wonder, which you both have witnessed in my candles, shall assuredly be before long revealed. Was it in both the candles?”

“It was.”

“Were both halves extinguished at each side of the altar at the same time?”

“At the same moment, lady.”

“Good! it is as I conjectured! O, Father Duncan, how wonderful are the manifestations given to the faithful! I can see its import. I know it well! It is a

good omen for the Church of Rome, and it is well I understand it."

"Thou art a wonderful prophetess, lady, we are but instruments; but if thou art enlightened from the burning of thine own sacred candles, we hope it imports only good to thee."

"Good to me! yes, yes! good to me! It is always good to me to be employed in the service of Rome. Hark! the warder's bell announces a stranger. Go! fathers, and friends Duncan and Pountenay, go! ye must require refreshment after your long matin devotion. Go into the refectory and partake of what thou wilt. My stranger's bell has answered to the porter's, so that I expect not a known friend — therefore retire."

“It will answer, brother Duncan, it will answer! She will do it! The end justifies the means, and if it be but for the good of our fraternity, no matter though a foolish woman doth it.”

“But had we not better prompt her somehow, to let it be on a stormy night?”

“Leave that to me. I can introduce it. True, a night of thunder and lightning would be a very plausible suggestion; and it would be a good subject for us to descant upon the vengeance of Heaven against the heretics—leave it to me!”

CHAPTER XIV.

PRIDE.

ALICE, full of A. and E., received the humble Master Cavendish in even a more cold and distant manner than he had ever seen her put on before.

“Thy master is dead? I know it! Dost thou come to claim aught of me?”

“No, lady, I want nothing; I did but think, knowing thy former interest in my poor lord, and my close attachment to his person, that some little information of his

latter end might be acceptable to the Lady Alice, from her humble servant."

"Another time it might have been. I have only one question to ask of thee : was he shriven by a priest before he died?"

"He was, by Doctor Palmes."

"Then I ask no more. He died a Catholic."

"He did, lady ; and recommended his royal master to look well after these heretics and heresies so prevalent."

"Then why did he not order Lord De Freston to be burnt?"

Even Cavendish, with all his knowledge of her character, little expected this ; but when he afterwards heard her speak of those hospitable friends, and all connected with them, as if she would joy to see them tortured upon the rack, flayed alive, or burnt

at the stake, his blood chilled within him, and he truly thought within himself: "This is Cold Hall indeed!"

"I ask no questions," she added, "of thy master's fortunes. The great Cardinal died before he departed for York. He died as soon as I left him. His was but a pitiful struggle afterwards. Had he been as firm to Rome as I would have had him, he might now have been his master's lord. But vengeance yet awaits the enemies of Rome, and weak instruments may be used for their overthrow. Are you a staunch friend to the Pope?"

This was a leading question to Cavendish, who, at that time, neither wished to be thought a heretic by denying the Supremacy of the Pope, nor to be disloyal to his new master by denying his supremacy in the visible Church in matters purely temporal.

But he knew well that the Papacy must have the jurisdiction of temporalities as well as spiritualities in the Church, and that Alice held the foreign pontiff to be her supreme idol.

He had a difficult question to answer, but one which his tact alone could elude, so as not to create bitter animadversion against him. He therefore replied :

“The Pope, lady, has so many staunch advocates like thyself, that the friendship of such insignificant beings as I am could redound but little to his greatness. Thou, lady, art, I am sure, his warm friend, and thine influence in this neighbourhood must be paramount. Has the Pope lost any power hereabouts ?”

“If he has, it shall be restored to him. The great patron of the divine arts, the illustrious advocate of public singers, the

glorious supporter of divine architecture, the magnificent exhibitor of all that is great, noble, praiseworthy and splendid in the worship of the Virgin, the angels and the saints, shall not want a friend in me, though hereabouts there may want an example of fire and faggot to exterminate his enemies. Where is thine abode in these parts, Master Cavendish ?”

“ I am but a traveller, a visitor, a mere bearer of a message to my lord’s friend.”

“ And what was it, Master Secretary, what was it ? Ha ! did the *little* man want anything from Alice De Clinton ?”

Cavendish marvelled indeed at the hauteur of this quondam subservient mistress of the Cardinal, his master ; and within his soul, faithful as it was to a kind-hearted individual who was ever gracious to him, it revolted at the contumacy with which she, the exalted

lady of Wolsey's notice, now dared to treat his memory. His memory of his master rose triumphant, and his remembrance too of the estimation in which Ellen was held by him came with lively impression to his mind, and he could not help punishing the haughty Alice with a declaration which he little expected she would so quickly resent.

With gratitude in his heart, a far more active agent at that moment than political prudence or cautious wisdom, he replied :

“I am upon a visit to Lord De Freston, the Lady Ellen, and Latimer.”

The haughty lady looked as if she would annihilate him with one fierce glance of her serpent eye. She rose without forgetting for a moment that she was treating a stranger, or a former friend in her own house. She rose stately, coolly, slowly, erected her head just as a serpent of the most stupendous

kind might do previous to her all-determined rush upon her victim, and something more than a hiss from her forked tongue issued from her throat :

“Then how darest thou to tread the threshold of Goldwell Hall? Knowest thou not that between the daughters of Rome and those of the Devil, there can be no alliance? and darest thou to contaminate with thy polluted feet the hall of the faithful after having been an inmate of the tomb of an heretic ?

“Perish, traitor, perish !—back, go back to Freston Tower; look thence upon the birth-place of thy master: but know thou that ere another year shall sweep over the heads of those whom now thou dost call thine host, hostess and friend, their power shall perish if they be not themselves departed.”

The very words, gesture, and cold-blooded determination of the impenetrable marble then before him, had an effect of creating a chill upon his whole frame ; and he felt how truly his friends on the opposite bank of the Orwell had described the being who then stood before him.

He was so astonished at her whole bearing, that he made no attempt to retire ; and had not Alice, with inconceivable scorn, pointed to the door, and without any kind of respect, bade a servant shew him the way out, he would have remained even longer spell-bound by the very extravagant and extraordinary manner of speech of Alice De Clinton.

He departed, however, with much less pleasant sensations than those with which he had entered ; and as he looked back upon that solitary mansion he exclaimed in a

distich, which afterwards, years afterwards, changed the name of the place,

“Goldwell is cold, and colder far than all
This living corpse, a tenant of Cold Hall.”

He returned to his cheerful friends at Freston, to narrate the adventure of his reception. They were not surprised at his declaration,

“That never in the face of woman did he see so cold-blooded a feature as that of Alice De Clinton.”

Little did any of them at that time suspect the plot hatching against their peace.

It was determined that the usual festivities of Christmas should be observed by De Freston as his ancestors had done before him; and Cavendish was invited to see the tenantry of the hospitable lord do justice

to the long beloved and venerated old man.

Latimer had declined living in the mansion of Humphrey Wingfield in Brook Street, Ipswich ; and was looked upon as the future owner of Freston Castle and all its wide spread domain. He richly merited respect, and was as happy in the acknowledgment of every friend of De Freston and his daughter, as Albert, Prince of Great Britain, is at this moment in the hearts of Victoria's loyal subjects. But none are without enemies.

Alice had managed to hire Wingfield House as her town residence, and strange did people think the difference between the lively possessor who left it, and the stern occupier who occasionally, with rigid cold pomp, occupied the state apartments.

It was said, however, that she intended to move into the town at Christmas, and to leave *Cold Hall* (as it is called to this day); and consequently she had wood conveyed from her own groves to the yards of the mansion, and made every preparation to have at least the rooms well warmed.

But Alice had a burning within which few knew anything of, except her father, Confessor Duncan, and those priests of Rome who worked upon her fanatic disposition. This was inflamed against all heretics, even to detest their abodes, and she had secretly resolved that the flame of Ellen—the E. of her consecrated candles should be put out.

How this was done may be better narrated in another chapter. This is sufficient to shew how weak minds may be acted upon to do deeds, under the imagination of devotion,

which are abhorrent to all truth, and such as pure religion would revolt at.

“ Oh ! who can tell what prejudice may call
Devotion, when the devil doth enthrall ? ”

CHAPTER XV.

THE PLOT.

FATHER DUNCAN sat in the eastern window of Goldwell Hall, on the eve of Christmas, in earnest conversation with the Lady Alice.

“It would be a pious offering to the shrine of the Virgin, if, lady, these heretics could but receive a shock on the day of the nativity. It would carry along with it such a corruscant conviction of vengeance from on high, that all the pious in Ipswich would

be moved to prayer, and all the heretics affrighted might see and know that the Papal hierarchy are supported by miraculous interference.

“What thou dost imagine, relative to that extinction of the flame of E. in thy votive candles, must be given thee; for the application is so apposite, that nothing but supernatural suggestion could possibly have presented it to thy mind.

“Thy devotions, Lady Alice, are so intense, thy supplications to the Virgin Mary so earnest, that she compels the powers of the heavens to listen to her voice, and to grant thee thy request. The enemies of Rome must be extinguished. It is impossible that two flames should shine together with such opposite lights as heresy and faith; and that which we saw ex-

tinguished is, as thou dost premise, a sure presage of the establishment and extinction of those very powers which in the persons of Alice and Ellen, represent the A. and E. in the flames, or Apostolic and Erroneous ; a sure presage I say, most noble lady, of the extinction of Error, and establishment of the Apostolic See.

“Ellen Latimer, the daughter of Lord De Freston, is the most subtle enemy of the Church of Rome. Her power must be extinguished in Ipswich ; and what so effectual as the destruction of her mansion, and that of her ignoble and heretical father on the same night ?

“It is well conceived, Lady Alice, and thou hast been quick, indeed, in the application of thy means. Those means are put into thine hand, thou needest not to be

afraid, they will assuredly succeed ; and we shall see a blaze both far and near which cannot fail to be convincing.”

“ Oh, may they convince the impious enemies of Rome that they cannot prosper ! I have well assured Abdil Foley of his reward. He has engaged to fire the wainscot in those unfrequented apartments of the castle of De Freston, which, ever since the death of Lady De Freston, have been closed, and are only occasionally visited by the lord himself.

“ Abdil gains access thereto from the servant’s apartments, and as he has been engaged in some repairs in that part of the building, he has conveyed thereto a quantity of shavings, and inserted them behind the panels, so that the slightest influence of fire

will spread beyond the possibility of its being extinguished.

“Abdil will be among the merry-makers at the hall, and will seize his opportunity, just as he is about to leave for his own house, to go up into his son’s room for his cloak. It will be at twelve o’clock. He will escape, and we must provide for him should he be suspected. None have any suspicions at the present time.

“Abdil is now in my hall, and only awaits thy promised absolution to convince you that he is a good Catholic, ready to do the bidding of any of the priests of Rome. Shall I send him unto thee, Father Duncan?”

“Do, my daughter.”

Abdil Foley was one of those weak men, but strong, resolute devotees, who pinned his faith entirely to the word of the priest, so as

to take everything he told him to do as a message from heaven. He had been taught to think Lord De Freston and his daughter had changed their profession of true religion for the false one.

He had been one among others who, though a tenant of the lord of Freston, had not been disturbed from his occupation, although the minds of many around him had changed through the very wise and able exposition of the learned noble who often instructed his tenantry. He had not been dispossessed because he retained his attachment to Rome.

Having occasion frequently to visit Ipswich as a carpenter of considerable skill, he had been noticed by the priesthood for his bending his will to their suggestions, and the infatuated man had, as many before and after

have done, allowed himself to be made the tool of the hierarchy to do things diametrically opposed to the Word of God.

He had found himself completely under the hand of the lady of Cold Hall, and had been so piously inspired with her spirit, that he had promised as a religious act of faith to set fire to his master's premises.

Father Duncan understood the character of the man the moment he saw him, and adapted his mode of address accordingly, as the profound fool entered the apartment, bowing to the very earth as if he was entering into the presence of the Pope himself.

“ Abdil, my son, thou art welcome to our presence. Come hither, that I may lay my hands upon thee, and give thee absolution.

Thy resolution to serve the church of thy fathers is nobly taken, and the destruction of heretics is a duty which every true son of Rome must feel to be a privilege, as he is therein made an instrument of vengeance upon the ungodly.

“The pious lady of this mansion has informed me, that thou dost desire to have absolution from all sin in the act thou art about to perform against that pestilent heretic, Lord De Freston. We give it thee freely, and absolutely, and do not only assure thee of perfect pardon for all thy past sins, but for this act thou shalt have free grace and exculpation for all sins thou mayest commit for twelve months to come.

“Therefore, my son, kneel down, that we may bless thee and strengthen thy hands by the taking of them between our own, as an

assurance of their being clean from all iniquity."

Abdil Foley knelt with the most profound submission, closed the palms of his hands as if they were two boards glued together, and inserted them with reverence between the opening palms of Father Duncan.

No wonder that he should be elevated by the imposition. The terms were such as the greatest villain who had any faith in Rome might conscientiously accept, and proceed, as Abdil did, to put in practice the most diabolical act under the pretence of doing God's service.

He returned to Freston seven times more infatuated and diabolical than he had ever before been. The poor fellow was of a naturally kind-hearted, easy temper, but was weak, ignorant, and easily imposed upon ;

just such as the priests of that day sought for to do the work they dared not themselves perform.

Everything was arranged, but too successfully, for the destruction of Lord De Freston's castle, and the late residence of Ellen, his daughter, in the centre of Ipswich so long belonging to the Wingfields. Abdil had been made instrumental in the latter as well as the former, under the pretence of being employed about some repairs ; so that he was in the plot, and sworn to secrecy.

We shall see, however, that if vengeance inflicted by man upon man is suffered to prevail for a moment, it recoils upon the head of the perpetrator even when he is seeking the ruin of the innocent. How awful were the intrigues of those days. Truth requires no intrigue, certainly no

violence, to defend it. It is so calm and exalted above passion, that it scorns alike to put in force absolute cruelty, as it does absolute condemnation or acquittal.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FOOL.

CHRISTMAS DAY of that memorable year in which Cardinal Wolsey died, came with its usual festivities ; which, in every house, were exercised in a greater or less degree, according to their means.

In De Freeston's domain, it had ever been a day of the gathering of his tenantry into the great hall, when the bringing in the great log, the boar's head, and the largest

buck which could be shot, as hereditary customs, were observed.

Upon the present occasion, it was, if possible, a more than common festivity, particularly on account of the great age of the proprietor whose birthday was on Christmas Day, and he had now attained the great age of eighty-eight years.

The old Baron was as fine a specimen of an Englishman as ever walked into his hall. He retained the fire of his eye on that very day with the vigour of a man whose intellect was less impaired than his body.

It was a memorable Christmas Day for every one connected with the house of Freston—memorable, as will be seen, for its festive character ; memorable for its local events, and for the destruction of the two most stately mansions which at that period graced the banks of the Orwell. But though

it was a day of rejoicing to many, it was, as it ever will be, a day of woe to some.

All were happy in and around the hospitable mansion. Cavendish saw such a body of happy Suffolk yeomen meeting at the foot of Freston Tower, that he declared, if ever his fortunes enabled him to do so, he would become a Suffolk man.

From far and near all were assembled, and Ellen, more than usually happy and active, was here, there, and everywhere among her parent's tenants, interchanging, exchanging, and changing hands, words and deeds, as became a lady of her distinction and qualities of head and heart.

What a pity that ever a cloud should have arisen to change the sunny smiles and cheerful welcomes of that happy Christmas Day.

It often happens in terrestrial things that

at the very moment of our utmost felicity, when the cup of social enjoyment is at its highest point, touching the very lips of him who is ready to taste the draught, then an unforeseen blow prostrates, in a moment, all the excitement, pleasure, and enjoyment of that mortal delight in which we had been engaged.

This may be very beneficial to us all; but it is at the time confessedly severe, and it is only calm reflection, gradual wisdom, and gently sustained grace that lifts the broken-hearted to the calmer wisdom of acquiescence in the wisdom of the wise Disposer of all things.

Stoicism may harden a man's heart to such a degree, that his philosophical mind may become indifferent to almost everything; and a species of fatalism may usurp all

tenderness, nature, affection, and every quality of enjoyment with which God has gifted our souls and bodies.

But stoicism, thank God, is not the Christian's creed, who looks to the law and the testimony, and the love of God for all his creatures, but most of all for man, for whom God has himself made a sacrifice, such as angels who are not partakers thereof can scarcely describe; such as souls, lost and found, can indeed, only appreciate.

Oh, let me be the poorest fly of the sun-beam, thankful for the warmth of heavenly rays which expand my wings, rather than the chilly tenant of the gloomy, tomb-like monastery, which can only be made warm by artificial means, and then gives neither confidence nor comfort to the heart. One ray of love is worth twenty thousand torches, though they might cast a glare of light upon a

murky night. One ray of love, of the daylight from on high, shall put into darkness all the candles of the altars of superstition, though they may burn with national devotion through the largest empires of the world.

So the heaviness of a sudden blow coming unexpectedly upon the Christian may cast him down for a night, but not for ever. God feels for him who can feel for others, and will lift him up from his fall, and restore him to the light.

These may be comforting words to some and foreboding ones to others, and they who read this narrative may be trembling on the breath of suspense, knowing what is coming in the course of the description, and may imagine this work is to end in the dismal sorrow of some dreadful catastrophe.

An unhappy, a designedly mischievous and wicked act did transpire; but he whom it

was meant to injure never knew the enemy that caused it ; and as we shall presently see, she whom it was hoped might be consumed, or overwhelmed with the terror of the conflagration was so engrossed with a nobler, deeper, and more heartfelt grief, that even the destruction of all her houses would have been a cypher compared with it. The blow which divine wisdom gives carries along with it its own cure, it is to be healed by the word of wisdom, but the blow which enemies give us, wound only themselves.

The Christmas festivities of the park of De Freston were observed out of doors and in with all the usual demonstrations of temporal rejoicing. The landlord's presents were made on this day to his tenants.

New stuff gowns to good wives, new suits of liveries to all retainers, new swords to the defenders of the castle, new books to the

learned, new hats, shoes, coats, jerkins, stockings, caps, woollens, and all the variety of household comforts to the cottagers and peasantry of the domain.

All were invited to the baronial mansion, where the yule log burnt upon the open hearth, and such a blaze ascended, as lighted up every portion of the great hall without the aid of lamps.

Lord De Freston with his faithful blood-hound at his heels, and his loving daughter by his side, stood again, though for the last time, in the hall of his ancestors, a cheerful spectator of his tenantry and people.

The old man most devoutly blessed the fare which a bountiful providence had supplied, and heartily wished all he saw to be good and happy.

It was not the fashion in that day to have riotous cheering in the company of the ladies,

but vivid respect was not the less visible on every countenance as the party walked around the well-spread board attentive to the wants of individuals as if they felt they were their own children.

“Abdil Foley,” said the Lady Ellen, as she happened to look him in the face, “you do not seem happy to-day, has any misfortune come upon you or your family? I have observed you eat nothing, and you wear dejection in your countenance. Come Abdil, if you have any grief at heart, let your mistress share it with you.”

Abdil could give no answer ; he was not a man of strong mind, or insensible to natural kindness, nor was he able to conceal the uncomfortable state of his heart, in the midst of the enjoyment, the festive mirth, he saw around him. He was a weak man, and a wicked one as well, as far as perpetrating a

deed in prospective intention could make him wicked.

His position, at that moment, was by no means an enviable one. Conscious of the action he was fully determined to perform, and sworn to the most inviolate secrecy upon the occasion, nothing but the terrors of imposition could keep him silent, or resolute in his undertaking.

He had hoped to have managed to conceal, in the bustle of the festivities, his wicked designs, even from the torment of his own heart ; but the excited spirit could not do otherwise than think of his absorbing action, which he was to perpetrate ; and, until he had done it, the very hours, the very faces, the very dishes, the very exercises, all appeared to him insipid.

He could not rest ; others laughed at the various oddities of the accomplished Reuben

Styles, the buffoon of the day ; but he, if he smiled, was so insensible to anything like merriment, that he looked as if he condemned whilst he permitted the frolic of the jester.

He answered not the Lady Ellen, but hung down his head in dogged silence, until she called Reuben Styles to her, and, with an air of pleasantry, said :

“ Reuben, look at Abdil Foley, and tell me what is the matter with him.”

With vast pomposity and affected knowledge, Reuben sprang forward, seized the hand and beard of the patient, and at once exclaimed : “ Verily, lady, he hath a devil to contend with. He is a black one too—a fiery one also—and I would not be in the same house with him to-night for all the world !”

In another moment the fool fell prostrate on the floor, and struck his head, in falling, so forcibly against the column of the balcony which surrounded the hall, that he was stunned to stupefaction and sick, and was forced to be carried out of the merry company into the air.

Lord De Freston was angry, and justly accused Abdil of great cruelty to the tolerated and flattered buffoon, whose lot it was seldom to meet with such treatment, as all men took what he said with good-nature.

“Thou hast been severe, Abdil; my daughter will not readily forgive thee for this?”

“I don’t care if she don’t,” was the uncourteous reply.

“Why didst thou do it?”

“Because the fellow took me by the beard, and told me I had a devil.”

“Of which thou hast given abundant proof in thy devilish deed, in nearly knocking out his brains.”

“Then his brains should be in their proper place.”

There was a general dissatisfaction at the conduct of Abdil Foley, both towards the courteous Lady Ellen and her father, and many were the rebuffs which this unhappy man received upon that merry Christmas Day.

He took all these things as many infatuated people do—as sufferings for conscience sake—a strange species of self-deception which a deluded creature, in every age, has called a conscientious suffering.

Nothing else, however, than the impious

persuasion, and the false oath he had taken to destroy De Freston's mansion, could have worked upon his temper and disposition, so as literally to make him an object of disaffection in the hall of his master.

That good man, though he did not approve the behaviour of the mechanic, had he been indeed of a despotic disposition, would have banished him from his associates on that festive occasion, and not have borne with his surliness, and certainly not have begged of others to do the same.

He and his daughter left the hall to see after their poor man of wit, who was carried into the air, and was reviving from the blow he had received. There was a wonderful elasticity of character about Reuben Styles.

He was not a privileged mischief-maker, and though full of fun, he very seldom said anything to wound the feelings of any one.

Yet he was attached to Lord De Freston and Ellen, and he felt that Abdil's surliness, sullenness, and downcast manner at such a time, must result from ill-humour of mind or body. He looked at him therefore earnestly, to see if some bodily ailment might not afflict him ; but, discovering no symptom for the skill of the leech, he easily concluded the man must have some ill-will rancouring in his heart, which prevented his enjoying the Christmas Day as others did.

When Lord De Freston inquired good-humouredly after him, saying: " Reuben, Reuben ! you have had a hard hit to-day."

The man replied : “ And so will you, good lord, before night.”

“ How so, Reuben ?”

“ Because when a man strikes master’s fool, I’m sure it is not anything but hatred of his master which makes him hit so hard.”

“ He can have no cause to hate me, Reuben ; I never injured him.”

“ So much the worse fellow he. He did not hate me. A few days ago I could say anything to him ; but I suspect I spoke truth to him, good master, and the devil hates truth ; he hath therefore a devil within him which knocked me down, and I wish that may be the worst mischief in him to-day. I feel better, good master, ready to return. I must join the sports within the hall.”

So the poor fellow came in again ; but was observed to be very much shaken, and not so lively as he had been.

- “ Yet there rejoiced he many eyes,
To see the fool still looking wise ;
And well it was that he could see
With such a stunn'd capacity ;
And yet he saw, with open eyes,
Enough to give them all surprise.”

CHAPTER XVII.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

IN the midst of the festivities of Christmas, when the various out-door rustic frolics, such as breaking the stoutest stick, sliding the farthest on a piece of ice, snow-balling, tracking the hider, and building up the snow man to be shot at, had passed away, and the song and the dance within the mansion were beginning to soften all hearts, a beggar was announced by the porter, as desirous of partaking of the crumbs of the lord's table.

“Make way for the traveller!” was the immediate order of De Freston; “let the weary-footed man walk in. Go, several of you, and assist him hither. We shall enjoy ourselves the more, the more free the hospitality we offer.”

An old man with grey, straight, silken locks, came in, supported by others, almost perished from cold, and with shivering limbs and weeping eyes, he was placed near the crackling fire. He sat down, or was rather assisted to be seated, when, opening his eyes, the first thing he fixed them upon was the now animated face of De Freston’s bloodhound.

That animal had become on a sudden wide awake, and his full, piercing, lion-like eye, was no longer dull heavy and torpid. The dog’s whole frame became animated, and he growled with a most discontented

grumble at the attention shewn to the beggar.

The man was, as most well-initiated beggars are, well versed in words, both of complaint, entreaty, thankfulness and murmuring, and knew how to adapt his speech to the company he was in. The very instant, however, that he spoke in such a plaintive, interceding way, Saracen, the bloodhound, gave such a deep-toned, dissatisfied bark, that, had a lion roared in the hall, the people could not have been more effectually startled.

It had the effect of turning all eyes upon the beggar, who assuredly was more disturbed at the confronting stare of the bloodhound, than at the scrutiny of any of the company before him. His was no dissembled terror at the dog, for he evidently betrayed such a fear of him, both in word and deed, that

the Lord De Freston was compelled either to remove the beggar from the dog, or the dog from the beggar.

The latter appeared the most hospitable step, and the one most satisfactory to the beggar, who smiled when he saw his dreaded enemy led off to his kennel. That enemy, however, could not be taken away without giving such an indication of his displeasure as, but for the interference of De Freston, would probably have been of the most serious consequence ; for, as the two keepers came to lead him away, before they had fairly secured him, he flew at the beggar, and rolled him off his seat in a moment, and then looked at his master as if for instructions to destroy him.

De Freston struck the dog, who gave such

a piteous howl, as pierced the very extreme recesses of the castle, and so touched the heart of Ellen that she flew to soothe her favourite, and succeeded. She, in fact, led him away from the victim of his rage.

There were many in that hall who looked upon the circumstance as ominous of calamity, though the Lord De Freston, despising all such old wives' fables, was above any superstitions of the kind.

The fool, however, though not superstitious, saw something abhorrent in the beggar, and resolved to keep his eye upon him; for he said to himself: "There are many strangers here to-night, why did not the bloodhound tackle them?"

But the festivities went on; the drum

and flute, and bagpipe did their parts, and groups of dancers whirled their merry partners through the strange hop of the age, much resembling the dance of sailors on board a man-of-war. The more stately set dance of the nobility was not imitated by the people, and in these Christmas frolics no mask was allowed.

As the dance went on, the old beggar revived from his warmth, and fixed his eyes upon Abdil Foley, and somehow contrived to let him see that he claimed his attention. He thought he was unobserved, but the watchful fool had kept him in his eye, and now felt convinced that there was more than one demon in the room. Abdil contrived gradually to draw up to the fire-place, and the beggar dropped his staff.

“Pick it up young man,” said he; and as he gave it him, he said :

“Father Duncan is here.”

The guilty Abdil looked at the beggar narrowly, and saw, in a moment, beneath the disguise, the ever-watchful priest of St. John the Baptist, Father Confessor to Alice De Clinton, and the craftiest Jesuit who ever set foot into the diocese of Norwich.

“Go and join in the dance, Abdil; shake off thy melancholy, I will set thee free.”

Abdil went; he suddenly shook off his melancholy—for he was bid to do so, and by a priest—so that he became, if not in reality, yet apparently, an altered man.

The fool observed it, and kept his watch

the more closely upon him, as his altered behaviour seemed to him entirely owing to the beggar's speech.

Lord De Freston, in his attentions to his people, had for a time forgotten the attack upon the beggar, by his bloodhound, and now, seeing the old man interested in the dance, he walked towards his seat, and entered into conversation with him.

"I hope thou hast recovered from the terror which my savage hound occasioned."

"Thanks to thee, I feel myself better. He is a faithful dog."

"He is, indeed; and singular in him, he never attempts to attack any one who is not a stranger—quite a stranger to this country. He has never smelt thy foot before."

“ I am a stranger from Lancashire, and poor enough ; but I have a vow upon me to visit Latimer’s Tower on the Christmas Day after Cardinal Wolsey’s death.”

“ Ha ! how knewst thou that the Tower was ever Latimer’s Tower ?”

“ That is easily explained. Though I am a beggar, a pilgrim, a wanderer from a far country, yet I was a monk at York, who had to do penance for my sin, and the penance laid upon me was that, from the moment that the death of Cardinal Wolsey, Archbishop of York, should take place, be it whensoever it might, or I be wheresoever I might be, I should start barefoot for the birth-place of Wolsey, and there remain until Christmas Day next succeeding, and that upon that day,

I should visit a certain Tower, designated, by the Cardinal himself, Latimer's Tower, and affix in the window of the fifth story this illuminated cross.

"That I was to ask permission of thyself so to do the one hour before midnight. I have scarcely had time to walk the distance, as you see me, noble lord; but humbly crave it as the completion of my vow to perform the task."

"Folly though I think all such vows to be, both in those who exact and those who perform them, I cannot forget that the time was when I myself, like thee, thought it part of a good Catholic's devotions to impose such vain works of penance upon myself.

"I pity thee sincerely, stranger, but

will aid thee effectually in thy task, though I wish most heartily that thou mayst be enlightened to see thine error." The pilgrim crossed himself devoutly.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE INCENDIARY.

THE dance continued merrily and cheerily, and every one enjoyed the Christmas cheer ; till at last the castle horn blew, and friends who lived near parted with good humour from those who were to remain the night.

“ Friends,” said De Freston, “ farewell ! Our love go with you.”

Little did any who departed think they were the last words they should ever hear

from the lips of that generous nobleman. The bustle of departure had scarcely been over, before Ellen and Latimer, Cavendish, and other friends, were surprised to hear Lord De Freston give an order such as they never had heard upon such an occasion before :

“ Torches for the Tower !”

“ Torches for the Tower, father !” exclaimed Ellen ; “ what ! on this night ?”

“ Yes, my daughter, it is but fitting that we should have due regard to the prejudices of strangers :—

“ Torches for the Tower !—

“ And, Ellen, wrap thyself well up in thy wintry woollen mantle, and accompany me thereto. This stranger has a vow upon him which we must see performed. It is one enjoined by thine early friend, Thomas Wolsey.”

This was sufficient for Ellen, but Cavendish, his gentleman usher, house secretary, and most humble servant, said: "Who is the stranger? what is the vow?"

"You may inquire of him anything you will."

"Old man," said Cavendish, "what is thy name?"

"My name is Duncan."

"Monk of York, who, on the celebrated Palm Sunday, on which we all went in procession to our Lady's Chapel, didst conduct thyself disorderly, licentious, and insultingly to my Lord Cardinal, and wast ordered to be confined for the lifetime of my master?"

"I am he—the same—and was then to perform the vow which thy master named, and which, now he is dead, I am come to fulfil."

“I do not remember that part of thy sentence.”

“This was imposed upon me at the suggestion of our Superior, the venerable D’Annerat.”

“It is well—it is well—my poor master is dead, and the Superior might have obtained this penance from my master without my knowledge, and it is not unlike him. Hast thou no proof thereof?”

“This,” said the cunning Duncan, “this,” and he shewed him a glass cross, with the arms of the Cardinal in the centre, and the whole capable of illumination by a phosphoric matter, with which it had been washed inside.

Cavendish asked him so many questions of York, of its monastery, cathedral, neighbourhood, palace, castle, and people,

that he became convinced he was at York during the time of his master's presence therein. He gave therefore implicit credence to the man's words, and intimated to Lord De Freston that he could vouch for the truth of the man's statement.

Torches were brought, two men appointed to attend the aged devotee, and to assist his steps, whilst Lord De Freston, Ellen and Latimer, with Cavendish, prepared to walk through the snow, which had then fallen deep, to the porch of Freston Tower.

Old Saracen howled most piteously as the torches passed over the drawbridge, and neither the orders for silence, nor the cheerful call of De Freston, could make him cease his piteous moan, as if he were baying the torches which were accompanying his master to his tomb, instead of the

light, airy, lofty, cheerful abode of his hours of meditation, recreation, and study.

It was a very unusual thing for his master to proceed by torchlight without his favourite bloodhound, and it might be the being left chained at the castle door at such a time, that created Saracen's discomfiture. But his anger at the beggar was sufficient cause for De Freston to decline his services that night.

The attendants were ordered to accompany their lord, but the fool would not go. He had other game in view, for, having seen significant, but secret glances pass between Abdil Foley and the beggar, he resolved to watch the former whom he heard say :

“I must hasten to my son's room for my cloak.”

His young son was one of the undergrooms, who slept in the farthest attic, adjoining the unfrequented apartments of the castle. Reuben Styles was suspicious. The moment he heard his speech he bolted off, and took the nearest passage to the back staircase, leaving Abdil to pursue his way through the crowd; one detaining him to congratulate him upon his recovery; another joking him about the fool; another about his possession of a demon, until Reuben had fairly secreted himself beneath one of the groom's beds, before the wretched Abdil, came with his lantern into the room.

He came, and alone; but breathing hard, and yet listening. His cloak lay upon the bed, and its folds were hanging down even before the face of Reuben Styles; so that he was in some trepidation lest his old foe should catch him alone and give him an

additional punishment for his curiosity. He was surprised the cloak did not move, especially as he knew that Abdil would not like to go across the park alone at night, and friends were fast departing from the hospitable roof.

At last, he heard him sigh, and speak—

“Come, I must be quick! Away, ye fiends of darkness, torment me not. Now, then, for the Faith. I am glad, however, my lord and lady are not in the house. No matter if I am revenged upon the fool. I should like to see him burning upon one of the turrets. Now, Father Duncan, thou wilt say I did it well. I must not forget my cloak upon my return. Ha! ha! ye heretics, ye will soon see a blaze!”

Those were fearful words for the fool to hear, who began to think that he was found out, and that he was to be taken wrapped up

in the woollen covering of the bed and to be burnt on the top of the turret which was only a few winding steps from the place where he then lay.

He was relieved, however, by hearing the bolts of the door leading to the unfrequented apartments undone, and then the lock turn from its hold, and its old rusty hinges grate upon the pivots, and Abdil Foley depart, closing the door again.

“Whatever is the villain at?” thought Reuben. “Whatever it is, he shall have it all to himself, for I will take good care he shall keep in those apartments all night. He crept from his hiding-place, bolted the door, and finding that the great key was in the lock, he turned that also, and fled down stairs again to the hall, determined to give an alarm to all the house by saying there was a ghost in the unfrequented part of the house.”

He did so, for he went into the very midst of the domestics ; told them all to go and listen, what a strange noise there was.

And indeed there was soon heard a strange noise ; such a thundering row at the doors, and such a crackling of wood, that the poor creatures shivered with terror, and the fool himself became horrified.

“ There is a demon in the house,
There is a ghost I’m sure,
What strange unearthly hideous rows,
Who can these woes endure ?”

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CONFLAGRATION.

POOR old Saracen continued his lamentable howl, nor could the warder silence him. De Freston himself as he entered the porch of the tower, said to his daughter :

“ I lament leaving Saracen behind us, but we must guard this stranger.”

“ Dear father, why do you brave the chill air to-night? I do not like your coming. We could surely have shewn the stranger to the spot, and have seen him perform his

devotions without your running the risk of cold. Pray, dear father, keep your cloak close around you. The chill air blows keenly across the Orwell, and this is a night only for the young whose blood can be kept in circulation by exercise."

"Thanks, my dearest child. I shall take no hurt. I have a twofold duty in this visit to the tower. I shall see the arms of Wolsey in your favourite window, and that will be a pleasing memento of a once-learned but too ambitious man.

"The poor disguised monk, old and infirm, will also see that we have a very scientific room, and I intend to speak a few words of truth to him appropriate to this occasion. Moreover, after all our festivities to-night, I cannot tell you why, but I have a feeling, a desire, a sort of indescribable wish to look upon the tranquil seat of my fathers,

from the turret, though it be only by our torches and the stars. There is tranquillity in the thought after the agitations of the hall."

"I will say no more, dear father, but I am sorry that the night is so cold."

"Your heart is warm, dear child: proceed with the torches."

They entered the tower. The deceitful monk knelt down upon the stone floor; crossed himself devoutly, and followed the torch-bearers through the various rooms to the fifth story. He came to the window. Again he knelt down—took from his bosom the cross which, in another moment, after kissing repeatedly, he affixed to the centre of the window.

Then taking his flask which hung from his side, he pretended to take the first draught of *wine* which he had been allowed

to touch since the moment of his making the vow until its completion. He laid the carved horn upon the table, and again seemed lost in prayer.

Deceitful villain, at that moment he was making a double signal for the destruction of two of the most magnificent houses in town and country which the banks of the River Orwell owned. But they were the seats of heretics ; men adverse to the malignities, views, corruptions, lies, and impositions of the Papal power, and though very learned, very charitable, very wise, opulent, and humble, yet hostile to the hierarchy of Rome, and therefore to be tormented, persecuted, and driven from the land. The illuminated cross shone conspicuous enough to lighten the room.

“ Let us leave the pious pilgrim to his own meditations and ascend to the turret,

my child, for a few minutes." They ascended—they leaned upon the summit, but in a moment, De Freston felt a chill come over him, and he said :

"Ellen, I feel dizzy, my child; support me, Latimer."

He fell into the arms of his son-in-law and Cavendish; who placed him upon the stone steps of the turret.

"Ellen, fetch the monk's flask of wine!"

She descended. There knelt the dissembling devotee.

"Father, I must take thy flask. My parent is suddenly taken ill."

She waited not for his reply; nor did she see his smile. But ran hastily up again with the flask, concluding that the man would follow.

He had done his work. He descended slowly, passed through the yet ignorant torch-

bearers, made his genuflections and crosses, and gave his blessing solemnly to the men, and desired them to kneel and pray in silence until he walked three times round the outside of the tower.

The villain was soon gone ; soon struck into the shades of Freston ; sought the shore ; and with sturdy steps, bade defiance to pursuit. A cry, a lamentable cry was soon heard, and all rushed from the lowest room into the air. The whole castle was on fire.

Shrieks issued from the distance, and above their heads the lamentations of one voice was heard from the lofty tower. The men were in agony, between the hastening to the castle and the call from above. Six ran toward the mansion ; two, with fearful agony, ascended the tower.

Ellen was so completely engrossed with

her parent's state, that she cast not her glance over the battlements, but upon the leads where her father's serene face was looking up as if his eyes would pierce the skies. She put the flask to his lips. She poured the wine into his mouth ; he drank. For a moment he seemed to revive, he felt for his daughter's hands ; he placed them in Latimer's, he kissed them ; he was speechless ; he looked up, and with a gentle smile upon his lips, he breathed his last.

It was at that moment the cry from the castle reached their ears ; but had it been a volcanic eruption it would not have attracted the rivetted, deep rivetted devotion of the affectionate beings who then knelt at the dead De Freeston's feet.

Cavendish alone, in an agony of horror, exclaimed :

“The castle is on fire !”

Nor had these words, nor the sudden spectacle power to turn the souls of the true mourners from a greater object of their sorrow. The castle was on fire, and more, Cavendish beheld, over the waters in the far distance, a blaze of light illuming the sky, and heard the distant bells of the town of Ipswich sounding their alarm to arouse the country.

It was a spectacle so appalling, that what with the woe around and near him, even he, who had seen more sorrows than his years could have been supposed to have known, was completely unnerved.

Latimer, recovering, bore his Ellen into the room beneath, where servants came screaming in wild dismay to her increased, but solemn sorrowing. Latimer ordered De

Freston's servants to remove their master's body into the astronomical room, and torches to be there lighted immediately.

There was no occasion for ordering furniture, for the assembling people had been some time bringing across to the Tower whatever goods and chattels could be saved from the conflagration.

Reuben Styles alone seemed to retain wisdom for ordering anything. He knew Abdil was the perpetrator, and he kept his eye upon that wing of the house, and soon saw the desperate fellow in wild and mad despair climbing over the roof and descending by the spouts from one parapet to another. He had cut his leg severely with some broken glass, and even in the fire, the villain might be seen with bloody clothes trying to escape; and he did descend. So much broken up with the woe were the

people, that those who saw him pitied him, and called to him to shew him how to escape—none knowing, save the poor fool, that he was the cause of the catastrophe.

Hundreds were employed in breaking the ice and throwing water. Numbers kept arriving, but all, all in vain. Reuben Styles seemed to assume a sudden command—men obeyed him. It was he who let the bloodhound loose. It was he who, when the ruin was complete, which it was by two o'clock that dreadful night, it was he who exclaimed, when he heard that his master was dead and the rest of his family safe; it was he who exclaimed to the people :

“ Let us pursue the incendiary. I know who he is. Dead or alive let us bring him to Freeston Tower. Follow me, the stoutest of you all. Follow me as many as dare. Bring Saracen along with you !”

The blood-hound was not long before he was on the scent; for the blood of Abdil Foley had dropped upon the snow across the moat; and when Reuben took up a portion with the snow and rubbed it on the nose of Saracen, and tracked him on the spot, the brave dog with one lift of his head, and a solemn deep-toned note of recognition pursued the villain who, conscience-smitten, fled from the terror of his deeds.

CHAPTER XX.

THE PURSUIT.

BUT when did the wicked escape? So will a man's sins follow him and find him out at last, be they what they may, and whoever has sinned against love, whoever has injured a neighbour, whoever has been vindictive, cruel, unfeeling, or revengeful, the bloodhound of his own conscience will pursue him; and superstition under the garb of religion can never more shield him beneath her altars.

Abdil fled to his home. His wife, his sons, his neighbours were all gone to lend a hand, if possible, to quench his fiery work. He had been seen. He must be known. He must be taken. He could not stay there. What must he do? The very solitude of his cottage, and the distant noise of the people, all conspired against him, and the wretched man exclaimed:

“ O, Father Duncan ! O, Lady Alice ! now—now—now give me absolution. I must fly to you. You must hide me in the sanctuary of your church. You must console me, or my fiery brain will burn more furiously than De Freeston’s Hall.”

The wretched man rested not a moment, save to drink one bitter draught of liquor which he had in his house, and then fled for Goldwell, or Cold Hall.

He had a long start—an hour’s start and

more of his pursuers. Ten young men with undaunted courage, firm hands and feet, led on by Reuben Styles, and the noble bloodhound of De Freston followed on the track. So still was the night, that Saracen's deep note could be heard for a long while by the mournful listeners at the castle.

The brave dog arrived at the door of the infatuated carpenter.

"He is right," exclaimed Reuben; "he is right, my bold companions; Abdil Foley is the man. He is the wretch. Find him, good Saracen, find him, boy!"

In vain they searched the house. They had well nigh been left in the lurch, for Saracen had again tracked that now well-known foot from the house, and was making his way towards the lodge.

Thither they followed with fresh excitement as the bold dog gave but little further

tongue, but seemed to settle down into a certain steady pace of pursuit. It was a longer and a stronger chase than they expected, but the spirit of Reuben was above fatigue, and he exclaimed at the lodge :

“ Now, boys, go no further, you who cannot endure a long run ; for my belief is the town” (then four miles off) “ is our destination.”

Never huntsman had a braver field to follow him. Never hound less came to check. As they entered upon the strand they found the snow was less and the scent more new and powerful, and consequently the fierce delight of Saracen was more lively. His head was higher up, as if he expected to see his victim, or else the scent of the man more recently impregnated the very air with his demoniacal stench.

A bloodhound is not swift, but he is very

sure, very untired, always persevering ; and though his gallop is slow, comparatively speaking, it is inexpressibly grand. So is vengeance in following the guilty.

On! on! on! Forward! forward! forward! and forward went the party, and at every step they took they could see the heavens brighter and brighter until the light from behind, where De Freston's castle was blazing, and the lights before them illumining the whole town, might fairly be said to act almost like sunshine.

They approached the town, but Saracen halted not. Though foot marks crossed, commingled, and became a regular path ; on, on, on he kept, nor paused, nor spake, but every now and then dashed his rudder-like tail from side to side to steer him safely to the wind. But now came the proof of his sagacity.

Abdil had been ferried over the ford. In dashed the dog, and as soon as could be, followed the hunt. Up St. Peter's Street, past the Cardinal's College, through Silence Street, Wolsey's house in St. Nicholas, past Wolsey's shambles in the market.

On, over the Butcher's Hill, through St. Lawrence, past the Magdalene Hospital, the Pest House, St. Margaret's, St. Helens: and now the bloodhound opes his mouth; and keeps his jaws working as if he was actually eating the scent. Hundreds joined the cry. "Pursue the incendiary. Pursue the incendiary!" were the exclamations: and half the town appeared on fire, from the mighty glare of the noble house in Brook Street.

At the gates of Goldwell Hall, Saracen came to a cheek. He actually seized the handle of the porter's bell, and bit it as if it

were the hand of the incendiary. That hand had been but a few minutes on and off the handle; and the rage of the bloodhound might now be seen in contrast with his previous steadiness. He gnawed at the threshold. His deep-toned voice must have echoed in the hearts of the guilty souls within; but no one answered the multitude.

That multitude, in pursuit of a then exciting and righteous cause, tried all they could to obtain a peaceable entry. They were sternly denied, though they heard voices in the Lodge.

Force was resorted to, and at last an entrance gained; but here all track was lost, for the fugitives had been drawn up into a lofty room, and thence conveyed into a secret cavern which led to the little chapel of St. John the Baptist; but the Lady

Alice, with an hauteur and cold dignity, confronted and confounded the pursuers, by her calm denial, coolness, and composure.

They could search no further ; for that day Abdil and Father Duncan had both escaped, and Saracen returned with his brave huntsman and field to Freston Tower.

The castle was gone—it was a ruin. The Tower alone remained, and its sorrowful inmates were, for a season, inconsolable.

Friends came from Ipswich, the lodges and cottages were full of the Hall dependants, and the death of De Freston on Christmas Day, on the summit of Freston Tower, was the conversation of thousands until the very name became extinct.

William Latimer and the Lady Ellen lived

two years in Ipswich, in the house of Edmund Daundy, Freston Tower became a noted place, Alice de Clinton soon forgotten. The united couple, who loved each other through all their trials, retired into Worcestershire. William Latimer became a firm Protestant, the estates of De Freston were disposed of, and the faithful Saracen went with his mistress to their Midland Counties home.

Cold Hall is now but a farm-house, as many of the old baronial mansions of past ages have become.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE LAST VISIT TO THE TOWER.

LATIMER and Ellen visited the scene of their early attachment but once after their long and happy sojourn in Gloucestershire ; and singular enough, that once was to convey to a distant relative, of the name of Goodynge, the estate of Freston, for which he had, with earnest solicitation and very liberal offers, made repeated application.

Ralphe Goodynge, or Gooding, one of the oldest inhabitants of Ipswich, distantly

connected with the family of De Freston on the female side, soon after the purchase of Freston, represented the borough of Ipswich, in conjunction with John Sparrowe. It was owing to his liberality that the Tower itself remained one of the pleasantest features of the Orwell, and a place of happy resort for many a wedding party.

In his day it became a sort of privilege for the townsmen of Ipswich to take a marriage trip to Freston Tower. Its pleasant distance from the town, the lovely park in which it then stood, and the still memorable record of the Lady Ellen, and her faithful Latimer, made "Latimer's Tower," a bye-word for conjugal felicity. The wonder is, that it should ever have lost this celebrity.

Whether it was, that in the lapse of years the park became arable land, and lost the traces of hereditary grandeur, or that other

possessors succeeded, who did not encourage this right of the free burgesses, and their espousals, the old distich was forgotten which said :

“No burgess on his wedding-day,
Which falls in whitethorn merry May,
Shall happy be in house or bower,
Who does not visit Freston Tower.”

For many years, a venerable old couple of the name of Sage who had been attached to the family of the Latimers, resided in the lower compartment of the Tower, and with the assistance of their two daughters kept the rooms in such order, that it was said :

The Sages differ in their ages,
But all our hearts with love engage ;
We pay the Sages marriage wages,
That we in age may be like Sage.

It was to the house of this old couple, that Latimer and Ellen went after they had

conveyed the estate to Mr. Ralphe Goodynge, and paid their last visit to the tower of love. Memory fresh, clear, and hallowed, can never forget the spot where the enjoyment of that sweet thought, the making another happy, was first imbibed. Whatever cares may arise, whatever troubles may have come upon us, and however much the realities of this dull world, and its daily ploddings may have made us creatures of circumstances, we still remember, with a holiness never to be effaced, the spot of our first love.

Let stoics say what they will, or mortals without natural affection break every trace of love, every honest man, who had a heart of natural affection in his youth, cannot fail to recal, with satisfaction, the remembrance of that spot where he first became betrothed.

The soldier may have to visit foreign countries ; the ambassador, foreign courts ;

the lawyer, courts of law ; the trader, foreign ports ; even the Missionary foreign stations ; the Bishop, distant sees ; no man, let him be called to whatever employment he may, and be compelled therein to forsake the scenes of his early youth, can fail sometimes to remember the associations of that day, when he first ventured even to think of that partner, with whom he may have afterwards passed the meridian of life.

Everything tends to sanctify the spot. The very duties of life in which his daily occupations may have engrossed his time, are often broken in upon by the remembrance thereof. The more mental those duties may have been, either in law, physic, or divinity, the keener or clearer will be the reflection, or vision of the past. None but those whose hearts are completely given up to the idolatry of money, can forget the place of friendship,

“ Where bold and brave, and modest, pure, and
bland,

He sought love’s friendship both with heart and
hand.”

Let his calling be ever so high and sacred, there is no sin in looking back upon that spot and those thoughts of days gone by, though he may well know that he can never enjoy them again. He may even feel thankful that he never can. He may never even desire so to do, and yet never undervalue the heavenly permission which then sanctioned his betrothment, and witnessed his espousals.

If the dear place be gone from him, if others possess it, if fathers, mothers, brothers and friends, who smiled upon our days of love, and shared their freedom with us, be all departed, can we forget them? no! memory is vivid in love. But are there no sorrows commingled therewith? no remembrances of

mortal heart-burnings, affronts, failings, differences, wants of temper, accusations, or disputations? Smooth must have flowed the channel of life, if nothing of this kind can be remembered. But if they can, and the God of mercy has softened the heart with tears of repentance for those past, unruly, or discordant intruders, let not the honest lover repine or despair, that he cannot alter the past. His love is true, though the very earth may banish him from the spot.

But what sensations crept over Latimer and the Lady Ellen as they stood at the foot of the Tower, for the last time.

“Philosophers maintain, dearest husband, that we ought not to encourage any of those sensations which touch upon the melancholy moments of the past. They would have us shake off the memory of anything in which we have once delighted; but they appear to

me to think there is no pleasure at all in reflection. Now, though sorrow may sadden the present moment, there is a species of unalloyed pleasure in the remembrance of those days, and in revisiting those scenes where we once imbibed the happiness of conversation with those we loved. What say you, dearest husband ?”

“Say, my love, that no hours can be sweeter than those so employed, saving, shall I say, those of which we speak ; but would not that be ungrateful ? We cannot go back again except in thought ; we cannot retread the steps we have trodden years ago with the same objects we then had in view ; but that is no reason why we should encourage bitterness in our souls, unless we have some bitter accusations of conscience to afflict us. I do not remember even the building of this Tower with any regret. Here

it stands, the object of its erection was one of regard, dearest Ellen, for thyself ; but if thou art not more esteemed by me than the Tower, or the domain around it, then should I deeply regret perhaps the surrender of our right and title to the estate."

"I thank thee, dearest—I thank thee ; and yet thou canst not quite feel as I may do the vivid recollections of a father's love. I think of him who loved me with a tenderness which seemed to be the deeper because of my mother's early loss. Ah ! Latimer, he was as a father and a mother unto me !"

"But he can be no longer such, dearest Ellen, and neither art thou so situated as to require it. The wind was tempered to the shorn lamb."

"And so is it now ; and I do not com-

plain. I do but think, and, as we learn to part with childish trifles without regret, as we grow in years, so, dearest husband, must we learn to part with things to which our affections become more attached, inasmuch as they are more powerful objects of attraction."

"Yes, Ellen, and the more submissively to the divine will we school our hearts in the course of our journey, the less those pangs of parting afflict us, and the sweeter are our hopes of rest. The mansion itself, which held its lord, is gone; the Tower alone remains. It has lasted until thy father's generation and name are gone, and, in the lapse of a few years more, even the memory of ourselves, and of all we have seen and known here, must pass away."

"But thou hast not forgotten the stipula-

tion that, as long as the Tower can stand, it shall be preserved.”

“No, our friend Ralphe Goodynge has guaranteed that thou shalt have full right and title, as long as he holds the estate, o a resident, rent-free therein, whomsoever thou mayst appoint, and that he will pay a certain monthly dole unto any person or persons inhabiting the spot, to keep the rooms and furniture in cleanly order for thyself or for thy friends, during the term of thy natural life.

“He binds himself, moreover, to keep the said Tower in repair during his possession of the estate, and that as long as the name of Latimer can be remembered in Ipswich, it shall be designated ‘*Latimer’s Tower.*’ So you see, dearest, we shall still have a name and a possession on the banks of the Orwell.”

“Why this should be such a pleasure to me, thou mayst easily guess. Not that we shall often revisit this spot, yet when we speak thereof, the thought of having friends to whom our early days were known, and the father and mother of our faithful servant still resident herein, will be pleasant to us, though we may be away from them. Does Ralphe Goodynge bind his successors?”

“No, not beyond the possession of his right and title to the estate; and this I think but fair. He has no objection, as a relative, to make this spot a pleasant place of remembrance both for friendship and affection’s sake; but he will not undertake to bind upon others, that which he conceives only to concern himself. I do not think this unreasonable. It is not, Ellen, as if it were a place of public resort, or a place dedicated to any special purpose, either to

religion or to the administration of justice, or even to public entertainment. It was built for thee, and unless in future generations it could be devoted to similar purposes, and that is not likely, for it is not his intention to rebuild the mansion, I see no reason why he should be expected to preserve it. There will not be another Ellen De Freston to inhabit it."

Whether this was gratifying or not to Ellen, she did not reply, but, with a sigh, she leaned upon her husband's arm, as they entered the Tower. There are feelings, sensations, ideas, thoughts, and reflections, which cannot be spoken, and perhaps are never less able to be uttered than when we feel perfectly conscious that we have, even near to us as life, a being who can fully appreciate all we might express. A sigh,

if it could be defined, would speak perhaps
an eloquence as yet unknown.

There is a spirit speaking in a sigh,
Which words convey not unto human ears.
That which it is not, mortal tongues may speak ;
That which it is, no words were ever found
To give its meaning to the list'ning world.
The world!—oh no ! the world would never hear
The sigh of pure affection in the soul,
Contrition's sigh, or aspiration's sound,
The wish for things unseen, though not unfelt,
The thought of being perfect or of hope,
Of gaining that perfection which delights
In joyful innocence, of bliss untold—
I speak not of the sigh of deep regret
For sins innumerable—groans indeed !
Unutterable groans those sighs become,
And well become the guilty hearts of men ;
And if sincere, the Comforter will come
With holy calmness to the troubled soul,
And give it peace. There is a sigh for bliss—

Yes, seraph's blissfulness—to speak with those
With whom we held communion on earth,
On things of Heaven—can that sigh be told?
No, 'tis the thought of immaterial light,
Brighter than sun's most fervid-glowing ray,
In clearest atmosphere of brilliant day.

We may suppose such a sigh to have escaped the heart of Ellen, as she entered the Tower, where she had spent so many happy hours with her affectionate father. It was Latimer's care to improve even those moments of meditation with the language of truth, and his masculine mind then shewed itself well worthy of the admiration Ellen had given it. Never perhaps did she feel or own him to be her lord and master so powerfully as during the short converse they had in the favourite room of their favourite Tower.

To strengthen the human mind with

words of pious resignation ; to point to the wisdom displayed for human reformation and human happiness, was then the duty, and the pleasure, and the comfort of a humble, honest-hearted husband. Perhaps some would sigh to hear that conversation ; perhaps it might instruct and improve many a human heart. Let only the effects be told.

Latimer and Ellen descended the steps of the Tower even happier than they ascended ; for whilst, like many a faithful couple in this world, descending into the vale of years, conscious of ten thousand blessings which they have received, for which they can only be thankful, even whilst they own themselves unworthy thereof, so their calm spirits ascend higher as their years descend. So did Latimer and Ellen proceed on their way to the cottage. At

that cottage they learnt a lesson such as they never forgot, which made even this visit to the Tower memorable to their last days.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE LAST EVENT.

THE last event generally finishes a long series of virtues, blessings, providences, crosses, afflictions or crimes ; and if the last event which can happen to poor mortality be the best, the life must have been one of such tribulation, that the event which is to terminate it, can only be a submissive and a happy one.

The last chapter of many a book may afford us pleasure or pain according to

the spirit of the foregone narrative. Some think an entertaining book, terminates well with a marriage ; and most novels, which feed the passions or entertain the fancy, do so terminate. In such case, they begin with the anticipation of the event, and the only novelty is, the varied way in which the thing is wrought up, so as to bring about the sure termination.

There is a taste for style of composition—for variety of incidents—for the parts of speech, and for the sentimentality of a work, which may be very gratifying, but the impressions upon the whole are evanescent. The acme of writing is to improve the heart, with such solid good sense as shall make the things written of not easily forgotten. Hence, things true to nature are awakening and striking: whilst things, however marvellous, which are unnatural,

being worked up too highly, clog the appetite, and vitiate, if they do not totally destroy, the palate.

Plain matter-of-fact things are, therefore, more startling a great deal than the representations of the most vivid fancy or imagination.

There stands the venerable old Tower by the Orwell's side in the midst of the trees, grown old, and gray, and useless. There it stands as it stood centuries ago ; but it may not stand many more. It may stand a long time after the hand which writes the record of these events, may be able to pen a line—but it will not stand a hundred thousandth nor a million of a million parts of a time, compared with the endurance of the spirit which dictates these pages, be they for good or for evil.

When the old Tower shall have fallen,

these pages will serve to show, that it once existed : but it does exist at this time, and any man may see it who will, and trace its aptitude to the scenes, and the events herein described.

The happy couple who had left their horses in the care of one of the old tenants of the Hall farm, now walked towards the village church, which at that time stood on the verge of the western side of the park palings. Indeed the knoll upon which the building had been raised, was given by the Lord De Freston, as his offering to the memory of St. Peter, and was subject to the Priory of that name in Ipswich, which had to furnish a priest, to discharge the duties thereof.

Their faithful domestic, who lived with them at the time they married, and who was with Ellen in the Tower on the

memorable night of St. Ivan's funeral, had married, and settled with her sailor husband, at the Bourne Ford, at that time the Pilot's Home close by Bourne Bridge. She had lost her husband in the second year of her marriage, and through the kindness of the Lady Latimer, had been received into her house in Gloucestershire. She had also journeyed with them into Suffolk, and was upon a visit to her parents, Joseph and Ann Sage, who had at that time a cottage near the church.

It was Joseph's occupation to fell timber for repairs, and to see that the boundaries of the estate were well fenced in, and especially the park and church palings in good repair. The old man was full of grief, at the news brought him by his daughter, that the Lady Ellen was about to convey the estates of her father into the hands of

the Goodynge Family—not from any distaste to the purchasers, but because the names of De Freston and Latimer were so pleasant to the daily associations of the good old man, that he had flattered himself he should live to serve one of their name and descent.

He was agreeably surprised, when informed by Ellen, of the reservation of the Tower for his residence and of the monthly sum to be paid, whensoever he should chose to give up the labours of his life to his son, and retire with his two daughters to the Tower.

It was whilst Latimer and Ellen were seated in the old man's neat kitchen, parlour-hall, or keeping-room, and had just made his heart beat for joy at these tidings, that a miserable object of human beggary tapped at the door and asked if old Joseph Sage lived there.

•

Joseph himself went out to see him, and not wishing his noble visitors to be disturbed by such a person, he closed the door after him, and stood erect before the beggar.

A pale, thin, haggard, miserable-looking creature, without shoes, or woollen hose, with tattered rags, and torn skin, with a countenance, the lines of agony more than of age seemed to have shrivelled into deformity, stood before him.

“What want you with me?” asked the old woodman.

“Pity!” replied the beggar.

“In what shape ; in money, food, or raiment.”

“In neither.”

“In what then ?”

“In a coffin.”

Old Sage started, for in verity there appeared more truth in the man’s application for this thing than in the hundreds of

petitions which beggars usually made. It made the old man feel conscious likewise, that there was something more earnest in this beggar's petition, than if he had sought alms at his hand.

It is not often that a man asks for his own coffin, even if he be too poor to purchase one. The very novelty of the thing made the hearer say, and that without any unfeeling intention, "You must come into the shop to my son," and he walked with him.

Scarcely could the beggar totter to the little out-house where the son, who was soon to be the successor of Joseph Sage, was at work.

"I have a singular customer here, my son ; a beggar applying to me for his coffin."

"Send him away, father, he is only an impostor," replied the son.

"I am no impostor, young man," replied the beggar. "Only just let me rest on your

bench and I will soon convince you thereof."

The beggar entered, but unable to lift himself to sit upon the bench, he staggered, and fell upon a heap of shavings and chips which lay under the casement of the shop.

It seemed, indeed, that he would want a coffin, for exhausted nature had well nigh extinguished the lamp of life, as the wretched man uttered a groan of distress which no impostor could have imitated.

It was not a loud one, it was not a plaintive, whining, acquired dissembling one. It was a real faint utterance of the spirit of the wretched actually in the distress of death.

"Run, my son, and ask thy mother for a little of her help ; and bring hither my cloak, and a good woollen blanket ; then to thy neighbour Benns, whose skill as a leech may be of service. The man shakes with cold ;

but hush, my son—disturb not the Lady Latimer. Be quick.”

His son was off in an instant, and the good old mother with her bottle of cordial and blanket, soon obeyed the dictates of charity.

The beggar was grateful; he revived; he looked at old Sage, and said :

“Do you not know me?”

“No!”

“I know you both. Ah! father!—ah! mother!—ah! my friends!—ah! my village. ’Tis here! here! here! I was born; and here I die.”

“And who are you?”

“Who? Do you not really know me? I am glad you do not. I am glad you do not; if you did, you would set these shavings on fire, and burn me to death, but I should not be dead. No, I should not be dead; but burn, burn, burn, for ever!”

“ Poor man, he is mad.”

“ No, mother, I am not mad ! I wish I was mad ! I wish I could be mad. I wish that my madness could quench my grief, mother. If I were mad, I should not have come here. No, I am not mad !”

“ Who art thou, my son ? And what is the matter with thee ?”

“ Hush, mother. I will tell thee who I am, but do not whisper it in the village. Let me die first. Oh, when shall I die ?—when ?—when ?—when ?”

“ But who are you ? Shall I send for our priest to shrive you ?”

“ Mother, I have been shriven many times. I have been absolved over and over, over and over for my sins. I have had hours of penance, fasting, and prayer, from morning to night. I have been shut up in the shrine of St. Peter for a month. Priests

have prayed with me, talked to me, even extolled me, mother; and told me all my sins were pardoned, but if they were, they would not surely burn me as they now do. Oh, how they scorch, how they glare upon me now. More fiercely than ever. Oh! mother, give me a little water. Throw some on my face, my hands, my feet.”

“There, there, my poor soul! do not despair! do not despair! Come, come, be pacified! But who art thou?”

The poor man looked wildly round, and, just at that moment, Latimer and Ellen, who had heard something of the event, came to see if they could not, like ministering angels, give comfort to the sick.

The instant the beggar saw them, he rose half up from his bed of shavings, lifted up his hands, and gave such a wild, piercing, agonizing shriek, as made every heart quail

before him. After the shriek succeeded a long stare—a wild, yet fixed eye was rivetted upon the face of Ellen—and then, as they all stood motionless with astonishment, then succeeded that which never, till that very moment, gave the wretched soul of the man relief. It was a tear. It was soon followed by another, another, and another ; a stream succeeded, and, as it flowed on, the head fell back, and the dying man was exhausted.

The scene did not destroy the courage or disturb the spirit of Latimer. He knelt down ; he beckoned them all to do the same. His Ellen knelt with him, and his quiet prayer was uttered with such truly humble, placid, and composed voice, that the pacified spirit of the dying man seemed lightened up with comfort.

He turned his eyes up toward them, and, with an imploring look, such as



W. H. Colburn

Death of the Incendiary.

London, Henry Colburn, 1850.

shewed the depth of the earnestness of his repentance, he said :

“ Forgive poor Abdil Foley !”

In one moment all the mystery was solved. Here lay the wretched, dying man, who, worked upon by superstition, bigotry and malevolence had destroyed the noble mansion of De Freston, fled to the remorseless Alice De Clinton and her dark and treacherous flatterers, who had sent him from monastery to monastery throughout the kingdom, with every species of invention and applause, bribe and threat, intimidation and imposition, but who could never obliterate the memory of his guilt, nor satisfy his restless soul for the injury he had done to his best friends and supporters.

How true is it, that no severities of outward discipline can wash out the stains of guilt within. He who wickedly designs the injury of his benefactor, be he prompted

by whom he will, or under whatever promises, or workings of flattery, or delusion he may either imagine to be lawful, or be taught that it is so, will find his wicked spirit can have no rest. Repentance must bring him to the confession which no sophistry whatsoever can lull.

It was Latimer's and Ellen's duty now to teach him that forgiveness belonged not to them, though they, as far as they could, forgave him freely for the cruelty he had shewn towards them. Nor did they lose the opportunity of pointing out to him the depth of that sin of which he had been guilty, nor the folly of seeking to make his own atonement. They acted the part of the good Samaritan towards him, and though the time of his existence was short, they had the satisfaction of finding that the miserable man received consolation.

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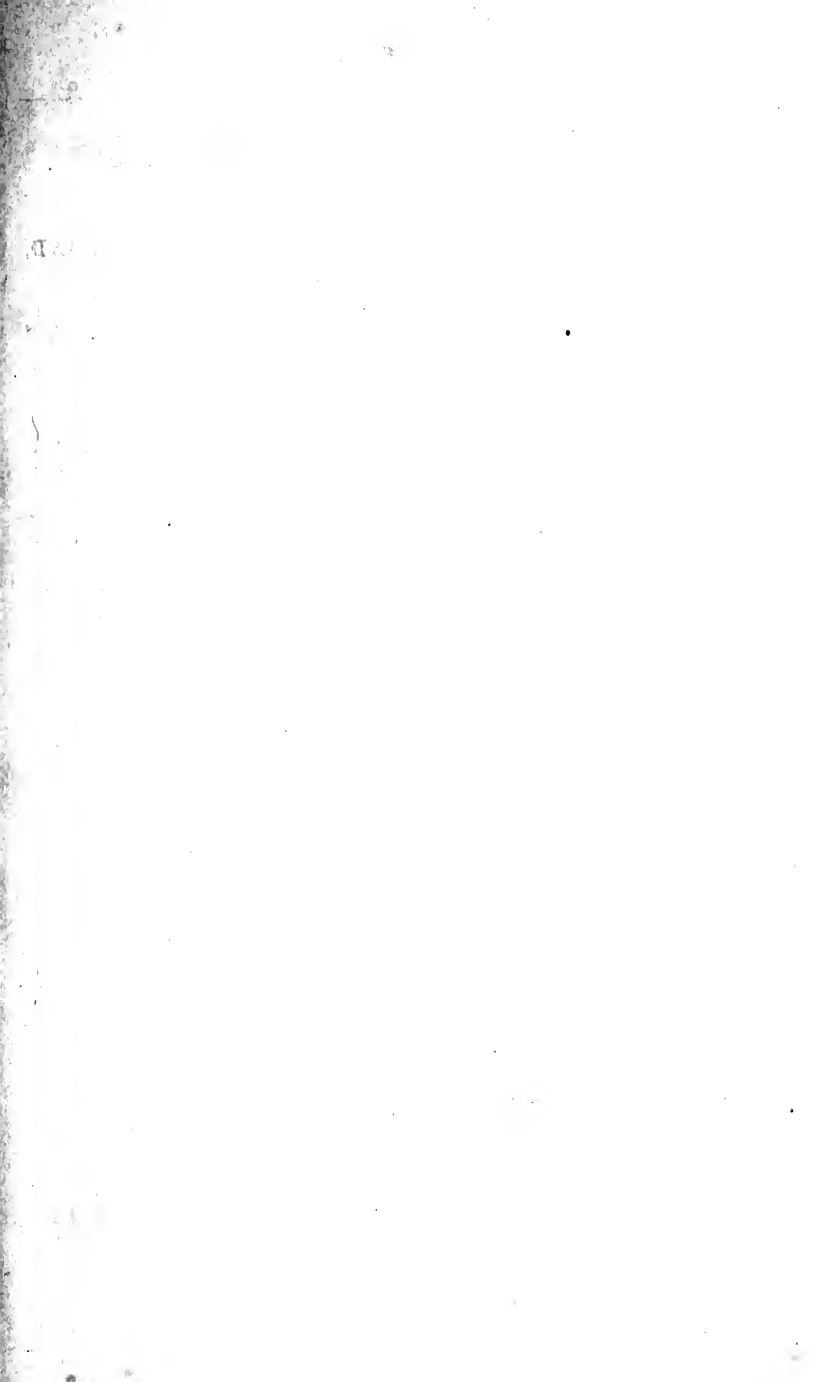
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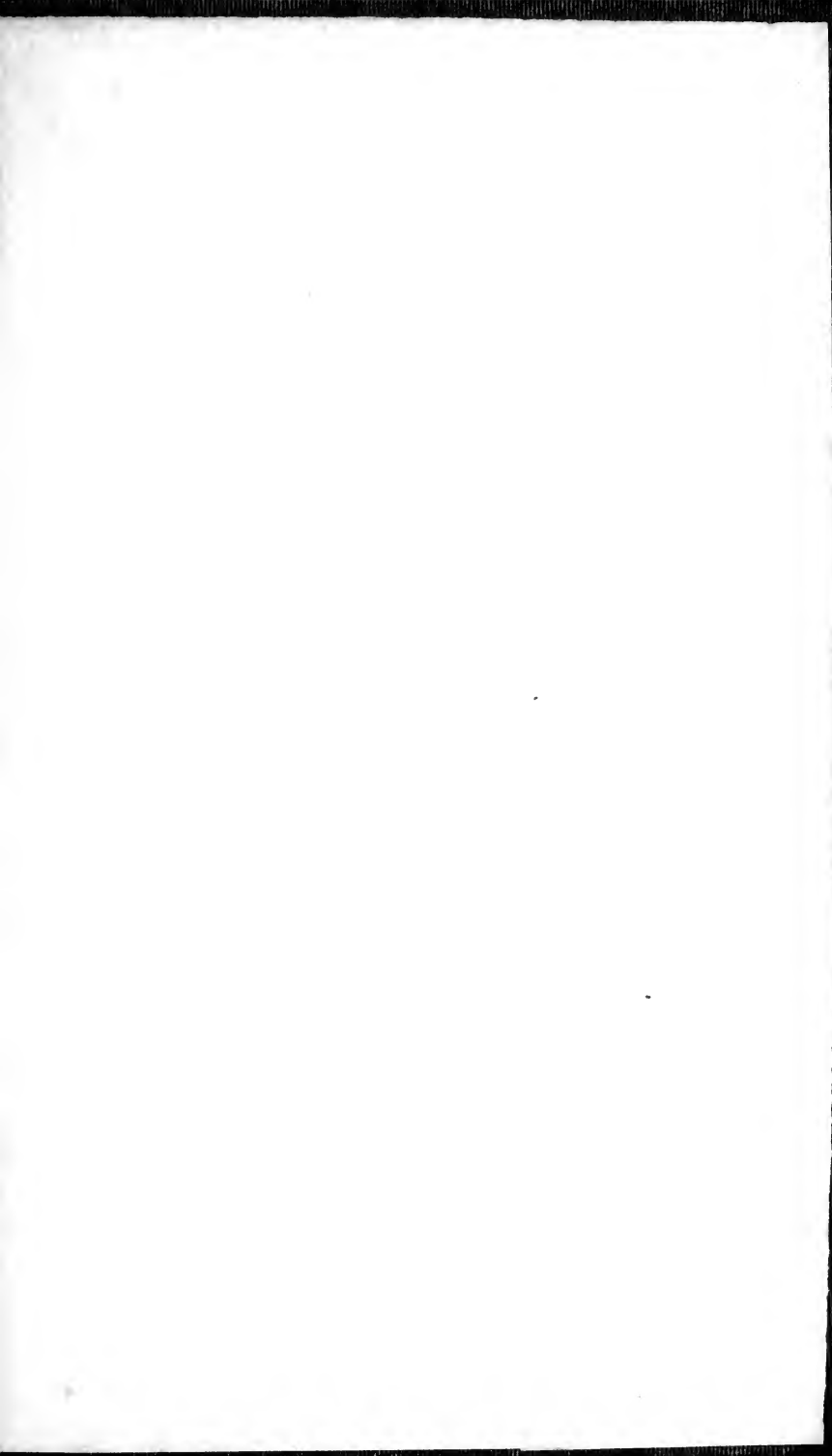
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